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IN MEMORY
OF
JOHN S. HUYLER

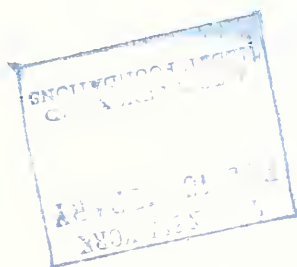
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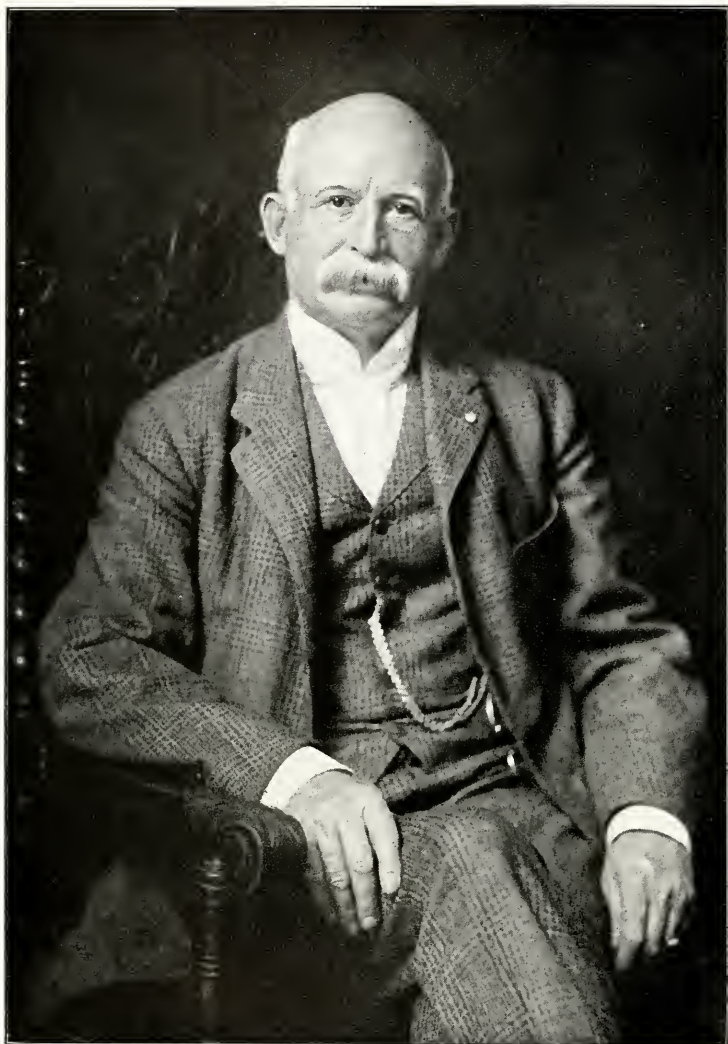
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Geo. C. Hughes

[Rogers, Lebbens Harding]

IN MEMORY
OF
JOHN S. HUYLER

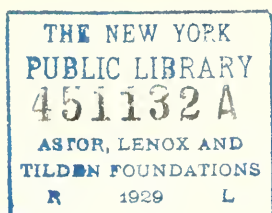
JUNE 28, 1846

OCT. 1, 1910

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"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

BRYANT.

Compiled and arranged by
LEBBEUS HARDING ROGERS

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IN MEMORY OF

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

REVELATION XIV, 13.

FOREWORD

Sometimes upon a bright blue day the sun through the journey of the sky illumines the form of many passing clouds. But only those clouds that have stood nearest the sun have been glorified by the golden radiance that brightens our day. It is just so among men. Those lives that stand nearest to Jesus Christ, the eternal Sun of Righteousness, shine more brilliantly than the rest. The greatest mistake of man is in aiming to possess a personal light. Noble human action is most beautiful when all unconsciously it sheds forth the radiance that comes to a soul walking close to the Saviour.

John S. Huyler was such a soul, ever journeying near his Master, and seeking no glory save that which is reflected from the sunshine of God.

If the Bible contained only the records of the lives of saints that had reached perfection it would not have gripped the hearts of men as it has done through the centuries. But, instead, it tells the true story of humanity's struggle,—the battling of individuals to achieve character rather than reputation. It pictures the refiner's fire, through which every one must pass to attain nobility of soul.

There was a native kindliness in John S. Huyler; but it developed beauty only by contact with the rough edges of the world,—that harsh polishing process that wears the surface and finishes the beauty of the diamond. And, when at last the world came to know him, every side of his nature reflected generosity and love and kindliness, and the circle of every day was made golden by a succession of noble deeds.

We mourn him, but not as one who is gone from our midst. We miss him, but not as one who is no longer with us. And upon his

IN MEMORY OF

memory there rests the loving benediction of thousands of lives that his life blessed.

The following pages will attest the love and esteem in which he was held by those who knew him.

L. H. R.

JOHN S. HUYLER

AN APPRECIATION OF JOHN S. HUYLER

By Rev. C. G. Deming

O man of mighty mission! Thou hast stood
A lofty bulwark for the eternal good.
Like blazing lighthouse on a treach'rous shore,
Thy beams of mercy made an open door
Of refuge for the faint and tempest-tossed:
The haven of thy heart was for the lost.

Thy constant vision was the Son of God,
Whose steps made all the path thy feet hath trod.
He was the friend of sinners. Thou didst seek
The outcast poor and, like a brother speak
A brother's love and strength, and gladly gave
Thyself in gentle ministries to save.

Great goodness made all enterprise elate:
Thou couldst not touch a thing but it grew great.
So vast the purpose of thy gracious mind
That it embraced the weal of all mankind.
While ages will recount thy noble fame
As college, church, and state revere thy name.

None came to thee and went away unblest.
Thy fervent prayer brought wondrous peace and rest:
When others failed, and hopeless, ceased to plead,
Thy prayers and purse rose high to meet all need.
Ten thousand of God's poor in grief bow down
Unmindful that their tears make bright thy crown.

Syracuse, N. Y.

IN MEMORY OF

"And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

LEIGH HUNT.

JOHN SEYS HUYLER

John S. Huyler was born in New York City June 28, 1846. He was the son of David Huyler, a baker and confectioner, who for many years prospered at the corner of Jane and Eighth Streets. His mother was Abigail Ann De Klyn. Both his parents belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church. They were eminently godly and were loved and respected by all who knew them.

David and Abigail had three children, one of whom died in infancy, the two surviving being John and his sister, Martha Augusta, to whom he was ardently devoted to the full end of his days. She married Thomas J. Gaines.

John S. Huyler was educated in the public schools of New York City, and afterward assisted in the conduct of his father's business, but as he had within him wonderful latent talent for greater enterprise, it found vent in a desire for personal achievement, and from a simple morsel of taffy ("Huyler's Taffy") he gradually built up a wonderful business that now has branches in many cities and is known the world over. In his own land his name became a household word wherever children dwelt.

He married Mrs. Rosa Lee Dodge, of London, England. They had five children: Frank, David, Coulter, John S., Jr., and Abbie. The death of his daughter Abbie (Mrs. Reuben J. Held) was the one sad event that overshadowed his later years.

He had traveled extensively and knew the world both high and low, and was well equipped for painstaking judgment, as multitudes of needy cases were brought to his attention.

He had varied business interests and financially assisted many patentees in developing inventions that are now prominent in the com-

IN MEMORY OF

mercial world. He helped a number of young men to start in business whose names at present are familiar in the mercantile life of the nation.

But it was not in commerce that his life stood most prominent before his fellow-men. His philanthropic acts were legion. It has been said that what one gives away is all he has left on reaching the future world. If that be true then John S. Huyler now stands a Croesus where spirits dwell. He gave away millions, but of far more value than his millions were his kindly smiles and his glad hand.

His life was most gracious. Those who knew him best have him inscribed in their hearts as a grand gentleman and gentle-man.

Both rich and poor were his friends, and when his unexpected death was telegraphed over the land, there was (amongst the thousands of those who personally knew him) a sudden hush and pause, and tears fell not only on Persian rugs in palatial homes, but also on bare floors and dusty roads where poverty was alone with its last crust of bread.

His death occurred at his summer home at Rye, New York, October 1st, 1910.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

His end was peaceful. He died as he had lived—grandly. To the world he had proved himself to be:

"A man among men."

If there is activity in after life may there come to him the fulfillment of one of his favorite verses:

"When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun."

L. H. R.

SOME OF JOHN S. HUYLER'S ACTIVITIES OUTSIDE OF HIS BUSINESS INTERESTS

PHILANTHROPIC ENTERPRISES.

President, New York City Church Extension and Missionary
Society,

“ Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission,

“ Industrial Christian Alliance,

“ Gospel Settlement.

Vice-President, Hand in Hand Supply Company,

“ “ New York Deaconess' Home and Training School.

Director, New York Red Cross Hospital,

“ Public School Athletic League.

Trustee, Drew Theological Seminary,

“ Syracuse University,

“ American University at Washington,

“ Pennington Seminary,

“ Drew Seminary for Young Women,

“ Mt. Hermon Boys' School,

“ The Peabody Home,

“ The People's Institute,

“ Keswick Colony of Mercy.

SOCIETIES AND ASSOCIATIONS.

American Academy of Political and Social Sciences,

Civil Service Reform Association,

University Settlement of New York,

IN MEMORY OF

Metropolitan Museum of Art,
National Municipal League,
American Museum of Natural History,
Association for Protection of the Adirondacks,
National Highway Protective Society,
Methodist Council of New York,
New York Academy of Science,
Rye Free Reading Room,
Ethical Social League,
National Conference of Charities and Corrections,
American Civic Alliance,
West End Association,
Laymen's Missionary Congress,
Harlem Board of Commerce,
New York Botanical Gardens,
Gideons,
New York School of Applied Design for Women,
New York Zoölogical Society,
American Peace and Arbitration League,
New York Board of Trade,
Chamber of Commerce,
Municipal Art Society,
Mechanics and Tradesmen,
Laymen's Missionary Movement,
Co-operato, Home for Young Women,
Hedding House, Home for Young Women,
Tuberculosis Preventorium for Children,
St. Christopher's Home,
George Junior Republic,
Hadley Rescue Hall,
Executive Committee of Young Men's Christian Association.
National Child Labor Committee,
Society for Prevention of Crime,
New York Christian Home,
Social Ethical Movement,

Federation of Churches,
Children's School Farm League,
Harlem Branch, Young Men's Christian Association,
New York Anti-Saloon League,
Methodist Social Union,
Wesley Brotherhood,
International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association.
Evangelistic Committee of New York,
Westchester Temperance Home.

A MEMBER OF THE FOLLOWING CLUBS

Abingdon Club,
City Club,
Cannon Club,
Aldine Club,
American Yacht Club,
New York Athletic Club,
Larchmont Yacht Club,
Blooming Grove Hunting and Fishing Club,
Nicator Club,
Knollwood Club,
Automobile Club of America,
Republican Club of America,
Rye Republican Club,
Black Mountain Rod and Gun Club,
Apawamis Club,
Rye Lawn Tennis Club,
Syracuse University Club,
Anglo-American Fish and Game Club.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN S. HUYLER

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Memorial

adopted by

Calvary Methodist
Episcopal Church

on the
death
of

John S. Huyler.



he Christian and
Philanthropic
world is a
mourner at the
bier of

this most devout
and generous sup-
porter of every
Christian and
humanitarian ef-
fort.

In common with all
lovers of noble service
we offer our tribute to the
memory of a devout and
useful life.

Beyond the sorrow
of any other organi-
zation is the deep grief
of Calvary Church.

John S. Huyler

was our son and brother
most deeply beloved. His
ancestors and his children
belong to our fold and

he was our most bene-
ficent friend and
supporter.

His spiritual earnestness
was an inspiration to us
all and his zeal for the
work of the church was
unbounded. His gifts


were munificent, but his greatest gift to us was the gift of himself. As a people we are sorely stricken and our loss is too deep for words.

Be it

Resolved,

That we bow humbly under the hand of God in this great sorrow and pray that a double portion of our dear brother's spirit may fall upon the Church he loved.

Resolved, that we express hereby to Mrs. Huxler, and to her sons and their families, our deepest sympathy and pray that God may graciously sustain them and that they

may find comfort in carrying forward the work  which was so dear to him whom we love.

Resolved,
That a copy of this

Memorial

be suitably engrossed and presented to Mrs. Huyler and that it be also spread upon the records of our Official Board.

Charles L. Goodell.
Pastor

W. H. Vaughn.
Assistant Pastor

Official Board.

Harry E. Bramley.	Edward C. Keys
Chas. Kusan	Joseph A. Noll D.D.
Thomas J. Aika	James E. Hammatt
E. A. Hartshorn	Robert E. Heidig
A. Benson	Edward H. Frost
J. Q. Domes	William C. Stertzo
Frederick A. Wheeler	A. J. Findley..
L. O. Hayes	E. F. Blackford
F. R. Jollie	Harry M. Rendell
R. M. Andrew	George Larsen
Robert W. Morrison	Robert E. Batteman
Clifford H. Ellison, M.D.	Charles A. Post
James Wilson Cassell M.D.	
J. M. B. Drummond	

MEMORIAL SERVICE

AT

CALVARY METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH

IN MEMORY OF

"I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on Thee."

WHITTIER.

JOHN S. HUYLER

MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN HONOR OF

JOHN S. HUYLER

Held Sunday afternoon, October sixteenth, 1910

at

CALVARY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

One Hundred Twenty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue

New York City

The pastor, Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D. D., presiding

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

HYMN, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

PRAYER, Rev. George C. Peck, D. D.

"Thou hidden source of calm repose," we come to be hushed and quiet in Thy reposefulness, that we may the better hear what Thou hast to say of a brother's life to us. Struck and staggered are we as brothers beloved; yet asking in the glory of this mid-afternoon, that our hearts may be lifted till in their sorrow they may still give great thanks. We want to remember to-day, with intense and increasing gratitude, men such as our friend; earth's Great Hearts through whom Thou hast opened Thy Heart to men; prophets of Thy Kindness who have taught us and Thine other children to be kind; gentle lovers of God who have also been great lovers of men, who out of

IN MEMORY OF

the memory of the sorrow of their own lives, and of Thy great salvation to them, have taught us the "path of Thy testimonies." For all such, for those who have blessed us, who have brought deposits from the unseen, for those who have helped establish us and steady us in our pilgrimage, and who have been heralds of the morning which is to be,—for all such, we give Thee thanks to-day. But our hearts instinctively and reverently go back to him, our brother. We thank Thee for the investments which remain. We thank Thee for a life which is the world's asset to-day. We thank Thee for the words that will not die, we thank Thee for his smile, for the flower of a blameless life which we remember with tenderness and with singing to-day. Grant, we pray, Thy blessing upon our inadequate tribute to the great heart of the man we loved. Grant us, Lord, with such clear eyes as his, to see the advance of that kingdom, whose coming is without observation. Grant us, and multitudes like us, to hold with his faith to all strong verities, to the sure word of God, to that deep, rich perception that Thou, Christ, hast, and Thou only, for the words of eternal life for a world of sin and of tears. Bless us as we make our recognition of his blessed, rich, gracious life. Help us to enter into his joy, to be partners in his conquest, and then to be sharers in those labors in which he sowed himself. Bless tenderly, we pray Thee, those who loved him best, and in whose hearts he is king. May there be some balm, and adequate, but sincere and real, some balm in the flowers that memory and love offer to-day to their truest and best. Upon the home that loved him, upon those who touched him in life's throng and press, and are better for him, upon the church in which he bulked so large, and whose vacancy is so staringly great to-day, upon his business associates, upon the wider circles where he worked, upon those homes of rescue, the beauty of whose mission called forth his best, upon the church, the larger church in which he spent his white, helpful life, and upon the world in which he moved, out of which he went without shame and without fear,—we ask the blessing of his God and ours; in the Name of Christ, our King. Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING, Rev. Wallace MacMullen, D. D.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive.

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand.

He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor.

The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noon-day.

And the Lord shall guide thee continually and satisfy thy soul in drouth and make fat thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not.

He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.

As it is written, he hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor; his righteousness remaineth forever.

Now, he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness.

IN MEMORY OF

Being enriched in everything to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was a hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in.

"Naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, "Lord, when saw we Thee a hungered and fed Thee? Or thirsty and gave Thee drink?

"When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? Or naked, and clothed Thee?

"Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?"

And the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

QUARTETTE: "Rock of Ages."

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know.
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

JOHN S. HUYLER

REV. CHARLES L. GOODELL, D. D.: We are really embarrassed by the multiplicity of testimonials which individuals and societies earnestly desire to present as their tribute of affection and gratitude to this great life. Resolutions have been sent to us from scores of societies and organizations which the limit of our time will not permit us to read.

The gentlemen who are to speak to-day, at the request of the family, are conscious that they are representing that larger company who would gladly speak here, if time permitted. You will notice that we have indicated on our program the line of thought which each speaker is requested to take. This was done so that there might be as little similarity as possible in the form of the tributes which are presented. I shall not announce the speakers. They will follow in the order in which they are named upon the program.

I have been asked by Dr. North to read this letter from Mr. R. Fulton Cutting:

"My dear Dr. North: I regret a previous engagement prevents me being present at the services to be held in memory of the late John S. Huyler on Sunday afternoon. I beg to write to you my brief tribute to this lamented man. Mr. Huyler combined to an extraordinary degree intensity of devotion and liberality of thought. An ardent and loyal Methodist, he might have been claimed by any other religious body if his contributions to their various enterprises entitled him to membership in their organizations. To him the shell was nothing, the soul everything. Profoundly as he sought to awaken the spiritual in man, he recognized the contributive value of education, of material relief and of physical recreation. His hearty sympathy and generous contributions were given to all movements for civic reform. So cordial was his response for every good cause that it made one hesitate to appeal to him. How young his religion made him, how fresh and animated! In Swedenborg's conception of heaven the angels are always advancing towards the springtime of their youth, so that the oldest seem to be the youngest. Mr. Huyler belonged in

IN MEMORY OF

that company. I presume he had the same cares and anxieties as the rest of us, but they never dimmed his enthusiasm in the Master's work or diminished the measure of his bountiful optimism. One could not be with him without feeling the cheer of his spiritual fidelity. For him the distance to the far country must have been but a short Sabbath day's journey.

Sincerely yours,
R. FULTON CUTTING."

THE MAN OF AFFAIRS: Mr. William Jay Schieffelin.

Feeling entirely unworthy to take part in the tribute paid to Mr. Huyler, I want to say I am grateful to be able to testify to the number of years of rather close experience with him on various committees, not all of them political or public, many of them coming under the heading of philanthropic or the helping-hand; but in every one of them he was first and foremost, John Huyler. Everything he did in business or in public life was pre-eminently Christian. What Mr. Cutting said about the shame one must feel to go to him because he was so glad to give always, I felt very keenly. It was my lot to go and beg very often for various causes; in fact so many that I am almost shy to speak about them this afternoon. For Mr. Huyler always looked at them from the point of view of a statesman and a man of affairs. He realized the need of every man putting his shoulder to the wheel and helping, helping to the fullest extent that he was able; and in that way he did not hesitate to back the Committee of Fourteen during those years of work for closing the Raines Law Hotels; he did not hesitate to subscribe constantly and very liberally to the Citizens' Union in its effort to bring about better conditions in the government of the city. He was always willing to help the men who were trying to bring about a closer church unity. Only the last time I was in his office with Alfred Marling and Campbell White, he greeted us in a way that made us feel that here was a man who knows that whether the Episcopalian or the United Presbyterian or the Presbyterian comes to see him, it is for the one pur-

pose of bringing the kingdom of God on earth. Every day as he prayed the Lord's Prayer I know that John Huyler felt, "Thy kingdom come on earth as it is Heaven," and he lived his life of affairs in that spirit. You can ask any of the employees of his great business whether his point of contact with them was not one of Christian sympathy. You can ask the men in the Chamber of Commerce, which he joined in 1897, and where he was always an honored member, and where he was always among the leaders whenever a calamity required that men should form a committee to help in distant cities or in distant lands, whether it was the earthquake in California or the earthquake in Sicily, he was always ready to be among the first, if not the first. The tremendous loss that these public affairs have sustained! It is a tremendous loss! It is like the loss which the Presbyterian Church sustained when John S. Kennedy and John Converse died. It makes us feel a tremendous sympathy, and yet a feeling of desire to congratulate the great Methodist Church that they had this representative leader to set an example.

I am an Episcopalian. Not long ago perhaps the most liberal supporter of missions in our church, the treasurer of our Board of Missions, George Thomas, died. Living in Philadelphia, he had made that diocese the leading one in paying its apportionment promptly and in paying more than its apportionment. He was so liberal that he would sometimes give One Hundred Thousand Dollars at a time. When he died, it seemed to us as though it was not possible to keep up the scale of work which had been made possible through his generosity; but I am glad to report that through his example and the knowledge that other men there had of his earnestness and his single-mindedness, the matter gripped the men in that neighborhood so that not only was the apportionment met, but forty thousand dollars more was given the year after George Thomas died.

I mention this to the Methodists here in order that the loss of John Huyler may cause every man to say to himself, "It is a part of my duty to apportion unto myself the ratio that I think, if John Huyler had lived, he would have given, and apportion unto myself my share

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of that giving." It is perfectly possible, because, as it was in Philadelphia, there were not numbers of men of very large means, but there were a great number of men that knew what George Thomas had done, and who realized the importance of the work and the necessity to keep on supporting and giving. So many realized it that they gave much more than had been given the year before.

I have just come from a meeting of the East Side mothers and children conducted by the Union Settlement. There we were speaking about the life of John Huyler and how every one loved him, and the reason was that he loved every one, that he exemplified every day and all the time the spirit of our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. And those children and those women responded in a most appreciative way—they had read the paper, they had known of ten thousand people thronging to pay their tribute of love; and the example of the man will be with us for years, I believe, with ever increasing force and power.

THE PHILANTHROPIST: Rev. F. Mason North, D. D.

It is more than likely that John S. Huyler never even thought of himself as a philanthropist. It is certain that he never called himself one. Yet, for many years, in all his waking hours, his dominant thought was, How can I help my fellow-men? Most aptly he has been described as a lineal descendant of Abou Ben Adhem. With that rare heart modesty which permitted him, while ever exalting his Master, never to exult in his own spiritual achievements he would have hesitated to consent that anything should be written of him in the "book of gold," save that he was a sinner trusting in the mercy of Christ for forgiveness and eternal life. But the thousands here—and other tens of thousands throughout the land—with a passion of gratitude bear witness to the striking fitness of registering him on any record in earth or heaven as "one that loved his fellow-men."

The briefest statement of the service that gave expression to that love must reckon with its range, its method and its motive.

His interest in men covered a wide area. In reach, in variety,

and in specialization, his good will was ever seeking new channels, until there seemed to be no phase of human need, and no project of the Kingdom which did not concern him.

He felt profoundly the importance of education, of the physical, mental and moral training of the young. Yet he was not restricted to the generous support of our typical institutions of learning. He responded freely to the requisitions of such centers of power as Syracuse University, Drew Theological Seminary, and Wesleyan University. Colleges and schools, east and west in our own land, and across seas, have felt his substantial sympathy. But equally was he devoted to the unusual institutions organized to meet peculiar needs, to such Southern schools as Tuskegee and Morristown, Tenn., for the training of colored youths, to the trade schools of our city and to all the phases of industrial education; to the vacation schools—both those conducted by the Board of Education and those under church auspices, and to the kindergartens, some of which he largely supported. It would be difficult to estimate the number of students, young men and young women, to whom an education, academic or industrial, has been made possible by his thoughtful bounty. He measured the power of discipline and of culture and eagerly accepted the privilege of increasing it.

His yearning over youth held his interest to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association. To the former, in its Harlem branch, he long gave money and counsel. He was for nineteen years one of the trustees of the Harlem Young Women's Christian Association, and by his confidence and contributions aided it at critical times in its expanding enterprises. The impression he made on those banded together in this admirable work is recorded in a communication from that organization through its president, who thus writes: "His sympathy went out to *young* girls, especially to those who are receiving scarcely a living wage in our shops, and he always welcomed opportunities to help them. Most of all, he believed in the *Christian* message, and that the best gift he could give to all women was a personal knowledge of their Saviour.

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Mr. Huyler had high ideals of the service which women should render one another. * * * To-day we gratefully acknowledge our great debt to him, and pledge ourselves in loving memory to continue to work for the Christian womanhood in which he had such unbounded faith."

But beyond these local associations, in promoting such homes for wage-earning girls as Hedding House and the Co-operato, such efficient and Christian settlement work as Christodora House and the Gospel Settlement, farther still, in the general work of the Associations, wherever they found an opportunity or uncovered a need, his friendly aid was sure.

He took counsel for the children. One so like his Master must have been a lover of children. He put musical bands into the public schools that the boys might be held, and that the school's *esprit de corps* might be heightened. He gave steadily to orphanages like St. Christopher's Home, and sent to them for mothering waifs of his own finding. For a dozen years, while many have been warning us of the peril of foreign invasion, John Huyler has been maintaining among the Italians kindergartens for the little folk, industrial classes for the girls, and athletic clubs for the boys.

Others will speak of his almost unparalleled devotion to rescue work. Where among us is the man who with equal patience, gentleness and genuine abandon of enthusiasm pursues the lost with such an absolutely unconquerable purpose to rescue some one whom Christ has redeemed? Into that quest he has put tens of thousands of dollars in recent years. Upon him leaned the prince of rescue workers, Samuel H. Hadley. Colonel Henry H. Hadley's phenomenal campaigns for founding rescue missions and spreading the enthusiasm for the blue button were inspired and generously supported by him. The lamented Charles N. Crittenden ever found in him a sympathetic co-worker. Without stinting in resources or slackening in personal interest, for over six years he has stood behind Hadley Rescue Hall and often was found upon its platform or among the men for whom it works. The Industrial Christian Alliance has been for many years the object of his solicitude. In countless ways he has shown his passion for rescue.

Yet one evening, at our great Hall on the Bowery in the old Germania Assembly Rooms, within sound of the singing of over four hundred men in the Hadley Hall below, as we looked out over a congregation of seven hundred children, children of the poor and of the alien, gathered from the streets for song and entertainment and moral instruction, he said, "Here is where money counts; here we should put the emphasis."

He felt the great currents of the time and recognized their drift. He believed in the federation of the churches and promoted it in the city and the nation by most timely support. Movements for civic and industrial reform found him ready to co-operate. The Anti-Saloon League and other organizations for advancing temperance and destroying temptation were welcome to his assistance. The welfare work in shops and factories, under whatever auspices, appealed to him with ever-increasing force. He was the warm supporter of the social service movements both within and without the church and was an inspiration to the small groups of earnest men who spend time plotting for human betterment. He believed in the ministry of consecrated womanhood and from profound conviction earnestly promoted the Deaconess work in his own denomination. The bright pathways made by the deaconesses in the dark places of our city—paths which stretch like threads of gold through its somber warp—have traced in lines of light his unremitting interest in this blessed ministry to the poor.

Those who knew him best and shared in his counsels of goodwill stand astounded in the presence of the range and variety of his benefactions. And even they could know but a part of that unremitting ministration to every kind of individual need which extended his personal influence indirectly and directly to thousands of men, women and children.

From some headland you have seen the broad tides drifting, and noted upon them the swift ships and the great carriers. You exult in the ocean's mighty breadth and force. How easy to forget that those same tides are creeping up the shallow channels bringing the welcome

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water beneath idle keels, filling the pools of the marshes, and the little inlets where children play.

The bountiful tide of John Huyler's love floated many a conspicuous enterprise. But to know its meaning you will need to find the thousand remote and narrow places, where sun-baked channels were filled bank full and idle fishermen set their course toward the sea, and children laughed by the quiet pools where they sailed their tiny boats.

But in all the profusion of his giving, John Huyler did not give without method. To the observer looking from the distance toward the hillside the sower seems to be scattering the seed with a reckless hand; but he is following his course. This strong sower knew well that there were waysides, and stony ground and variety of soils. He had a system in his sowing.

He had studied certain institutions and organizations, until he believed in them as permanent factors in the work of the Kingdom. To many of these he gave, monthly, quarterly, yearly, with a regularity which removed the process from the realm of uncertainty. I well remember the day a dozen years ago, when in consultation with his great comrade in beneficence, Samuel W. Bowne, it was agreed that, to three or four societies in which they were interested, they would make their contributions in monthly installments for the larger advantage of the treasuries of these organizations.

He aimed to give so as to provoke others to good works. He never sought the credit of being recognized as the sole promoter of any enterprise. His giving was often timed and measured with a direct intention of arousing others, that the number of givers might be increased and the amount of money available augmented. Of these there are a hundred instances at hand.

He chose certain personal centers of distribution and used them and trusted them. He followed all his gifts with a prayer and determined upon them by intelligent study. But he conserved his energies and enhanced his power by inviting others to share with him in the personal service which the gift invited. Thus by indirection he ministered to numberless individuals and not a few societies and institutions

to whom John Huyler was but a name for a special providence. People often have seen in some arid field—a life, a church, a community—some patch of green, and have said, “Yonder must be a spring!” That way came the refreshment to the drying roots of life in a thousand instances through the quiet purpose of his loving care.

But his method left abundant play for what was at the heart of it all, his personal service. Even when he gave by indirection, his spirit went with his gift. And he reserved to himself the opportunity for the keen delight of doing the unexpected; of meeting the unusual need; of venturing into fields which in other minds were negligible. He was ever ready to take a risk for the Kingdom. He was very prone to aid the common man possessed of an uncommon idea who had devised some new fashion of meeting human need. He was an experimenter in philanthropy, not by accident but of purpose. How richly he enjoyed it! Some of this seed fell on stony ground, some by the wayside. He knew it would. But some has long since sprung up to bear thirty, sixty, a hundred-fold.

His method involved publicity only when the knowledge of the personality in the gift was inevitable or in some way would multiply its potency. A hundred times have I known him to beg or instruct that his name be not used. He delighted in the doing of the deed, not in its proclamation. There was a singular modesty even in his greatest benefactions which won for the giver a love that far exceeded the admiration for the gift. When one day he authorized the purchase of a plot of ground in the heart of our little Italy as the site for an Italian church, he did it with as quiet a word as if he had asked the time of day. Yet it was a gift of twenty-five thousand dollars. When in an upper room where two or three were gathered together, the traffic of the streets far below them and the enthusiasm of the multitudes far away, he offered to give one hundred thousand dollars to the Twentieth Century Thank Offering Movement, the one condition was that until it should be necessary his name should not be used. His was the fervor not for publicity, but for the service.

He declined to surrender the privilege of personal service. Of

this others will speak. It was the striking element in his philanthropy. He loved men and put himself at the command of those whom he loved. The tenderness of his sympathy made many a trifling gift seem large. The illumination which his wisdom brought often disclosed paths of opportunity which his bounty never could have purchased. The constancy of his faith in the essence of Divine goodness which, he believed, remains in every human soul, created in many a man new purpose, when the gift itself only alleviated suffering. Whenever he gave, he gave himself.

Clearly no ordinary motive inspired and controlled John S. Huyler. What were the springs of his action? What moved him through these striking methods to this wide range of blessed ministry?

He had a natural sense of human comradeship. He was as keen, alert and friendly with his guide in the Maine woods or some reckless missionary in East London or in the squalid quarters of New York as he was with statesmen or merchant princes. Under all conditions he had ever been a good sharer. With his intimates he was not averse to a common purse and no accounting. Nature, heredity, and experience had shaped him for the creation and expenditure of money.

To this was added a profound sense of responsibility. In large part it was this that twenty-five years ago brought him to the consecration which changed wholly the direction of his life. On the evening of December 31, 1886, John Huyler came into the Hall on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where the early work of Calvary Church was conducted and at the watch-night services knelt with the little company, of which his devoted mother was one, and joined in the closing prayers of consecration. I can see him now as he entered and as he knelt. The Spirit of God brought him there, but what was the occasion? To a few he has told it. He had left his office with the check for his part of the year's dividends in his pocket without knowing the amount. On his way to join comrades in festivity and frolic, under the light of a street lamp he looked at the check, and was startled that the amount so far exceeded his expectations. Upon him came a sense of responsibility never before known. Two ways opened before

him. We know the way he chose. Conscience, the sense of duty, gripped him.

Gradually but surely there came into his heart a deep gratitude to God for his own redemption and for the ever enlarging resources with which he might help in the world's uplift. John Huyler for many years has kept what he called his M. P. account—"My Partner" account. Into it have gone ample shares of the profits of a great business and from it have been drawn the supplies with which he has blessed the world. He has done more than have faith in God—he has kept faith with God. A part of his charm and power has been his straightforwardness with his Master on the basis both of gratitude and of conscience. His rules of financial conduct touching the Kingdom would, if everywhere applied, in a single year provide the amplest resources for the equipment and the efficiency of every enterprise the world over in which the Christian church is now engaged.

But not nature, nor conscience, nor gratitude explains John S. Huyler. He was constrained by the love of Christ. He was partaker of His Spirit. It aroused his indignation to have his Master robbed of the credit which belonged to Him. He believed that Christ was the very soul of all true progress and reform. He thought his Lord into every book he read, every address he heard, every organization to which he belonged, every child he guided, every outcast he helped, every party he favored, every gift he made. In no least sense was he a narrow sectarian. He was an intense believer in the Kingdom of God and in the Lord of that Kingdom. When he gave money, it was his Lord's money. When he gave time, it was his Lord's time. When he gave himself, it was the Master's servant. Many men have shared in the Lord's purposes; beyond them all, John Huyler has impressed me as sharing in Christ's emotions. There were times when there appeared an almost vicarious suffering, a burden for men. There was passion in his service.

When he saw the multitudes, he had compassion upon them. He felt as Christ felt. You have walked with him, have you not? on the streets of Paris, or London, or New York, keen in the repartee of

some gay theme or serious in the consideration of some plan of uplift, and in the very climax of amusement, in mid-sentence of discussion his attention would be drawn—where? You followed the gaze of his fine, kind eyes and found a limping dog, a stalled horse, a beggar, an old woman with a crutch, a young girl staggering under a load of sweatshop clothing, a woman of the street loud with the flushed gaiety which tells of a soiled life and a broken heart, a navvy sweating in a trench, a street vendor crying his wares, a newsboy trying to work off his last papers for the night. To him the folk were weary and worn, as sheep having no shepherd. He saw them blind, lame, halt, starving, broken hearted, as Christ saw them. This made him a chevalier in benevolence, a knight of Jesus for the protection of the helpless and the rescue of the unfortunate. And for this reason, because he shared not only the mind of Christ but His heart also, men loved him and clung to him and found it easy to call him brother. Because of this rarely has a human personality written its motives, its aims and its deeds so sincerely, so accurately, so unmistakably, so legibly upon the common heart of humanity as has this loved and loving man.

Four days before he was mortally stricken it was my ever memorable privilege at his invitation to spend with him the entire day—most of it upon his son's yacht upon the quiet waters of the Sound. Of that day my heart permits me to say but little. But this happened. Upon the table between us lay books—a German reader; he was making progress in what was to him a new language; a book on English literature, a book of religious discussion, a friend's book on industrial questions, a Bible. In the current of talk, he said: "Find the place where it speaks of the fruits of the Spirit." I turned to the fifth chapter of Galatians and read: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Said he: "Do we dwell enough upon these things—not that list from which we are saved, but those positive qualities of Christian character?" And looking across the table at him I was sure that I was looking into the smiling face and the golden heart of a man in whom not one of the fruits of the Spirit was lacking.

JOHN S. HUYLER

There is an old-fashioned English word in the Scriptures which is used only to express the mercy of God. It is Loving-Kindness. How completely it tells the story of John Huyler's life. How certainly it describes his character. Loving! Kind! He was a man of Loving-Kindness.

Yes! It was natural to speak of him as a lineal descendant of Abou Ben Adhem, as one who loved his fellow-men. It goes nearer the heart of the truth to say that he loved God, and that because he loved God he loved his brother also; because he loved his brother he was ever at home among those who best knew Christ.

Years ago one who knew his tenderness and patience said to me: "I know God better because I have known John S. Huyler."

There is no death for such a spirit. He is a demonstration of the immortal life.

I have sat with him many a day upon the ship's deck. So have you—and you. He was fond of the sea. A favorite hymn was: "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." Listen:

"I watched a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the rounding sea, a gleam of light;
A last far-flashed farewell, and, like to thought
Slipped out of mind, it vanished and was not.

"Yet to the helmsman standing at the wheel,
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel;
Disaster? Change? He left no slightest sign,
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.

"So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound;
We call it death, to them 'tis life beyond."

SONG BY THE VESTED CHOIR: "Abide With Me."

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

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Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

THE HELPING HAND: Mr. John Callahan.

We sing a hymn on the Bowery which Mr. Huyler loved very much. The name of it is "Help Somebody To-day." The words are:

Look all around you, find some one in need,
Help somebody to-day.
Grief is the portion of some everywhere,
Help somebody to-day.

Help somebody to-day,
Somebody along life's way.
Let sorrow be ended,
The friendless befriended,
Oh! help somebody to-day.

The Bowery has lost a great friend in the departure of John S. Huyler. There is nobody in the city of New York that mourns his loss more than the poor man of the Bowery. I never heard such praying in all my life as went up from the Bowery three or four nights before God took him home, and a special request was made to remember him in prayer. And, as we assembled together in the little prayer room, we heard the poor men who had been loved by him beseeching the throne of grace, if it be God's will, to spare him. Yet, He doeth all things well. It was almost like the disciples with Jesus

when He said it was expedient that He should go away, and they thought that it was not expedient. So with the poor men of the Bowery, they did not think that it was necessary for God to take Mr. Huyler. He doeth all things well.

At the table in our home on the day the telephone message came that Brother Huyler had gone home to be with his Saviour, as we were eating dinner and speaking about our friend, my eldest boy said to me: "Papa, if I was God I wouldn't let a good man like Mr. Huyler die, I would let him live forever." And I turned to him and said: "Paul, Mr. Huyler is not dead, he is living forever. He has only gone on a little journey to be with Jesus. We are going to meet him after awhile."

Thank God for the memory of this good, sainted man. He was my personal friend. I don't know how many times he has comforted me and helped me in my endeavors to help poor men. Every Saturday night at the Hadley Rescue Hall, through the fall and winter and spring, we generally give a supper to poor, hungry men. You know Jesus spoke the parable of the big supper, and in it He tells of certain men who made a great supper and bade many. Jesus did not mention the name of a certain man. It may have been some layman, probably one of those that were converted through the ministry of our blessed Lord. It may have been Nicodemus, or Joseph of Arimathea—who knows? His name is not mentioned. But God saw a certain man on the Bowery who made a great supper. We know who he is. If there was a big supper to be given on the Bowery to the boys on the Bowery they generally knew it. He didn't want them to know it, but as the Bible says "He didn't let his right hand know what his left hand doeth." But on a certain night, on a Saturday night, I say, he provided a supper. Then it was the duty of the disciples to go and bid the poor and the hungry and the lame and the blind to come to the supper, to be seated and partake of the feast which was prepared by this mighty man of God. I have a picture of one of those suppers in my hand, on a postal card. It was taken last March at an anniversary and right underneath the picture I have a text which I believe was

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literally exemplified in the life of our dear friend Mr. Huyler. It says:

"When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind:

"And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Nothing did him more good than to see the poor men gathered together, partaking of that big corned-beef sandwich and hot cup of coffee, and I used to look at him, where he couldn't see me, and I used to watch his face as they ate; and it just delighted him to see them eat. Those five hundred men on Saturday nights. And yet I could see that back of it somehow there was a sadness in his countenance as he looked into the faces of the men and saw the condition they were in. Many a man got a hot supper on the Bowery, which was provided by Mr. Huyler, as a means to an end, to lead that hungry man to Jesus, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Many in this audience this afternoon, if time would permit, if they could have that privilege and opportunity of arising and saying just a word along this line, could testify to this. There were three hundred and fifty thousand men fed in the Hadley Rescue Hall in six and a half years. Think of that, three hundred and fifty thousand men! Some of these poor, hungry men might have died if they didn't get a little something to eat. Three hundred and fifty thousand men; and not only that, but over one hundred and forty thousand poor men put to bed by this sainted man. When the telephone rang up on a cold night, we generally knew who would be ringing, and I can remember many a cold winter's night, when the snow was falling and the wind was howling; and just about nine o'clock I would hear the telephone, and I would leave the platform and run into the office, and I would hear a voice on the other end of the line, "Is that you, Brother John?" I would always love to hear him say "Brother." No one could seem to say "Brother" to me like him. "Is that you, Brother John?" "Yes, sir." "Pretty cold

night, to-night, John. Got many in the Hall to-night?" "Yes, sir." "Put every poor man to bed to-night." I remember once putting over two hundred men to bed in one night. God knows that probably if some of those poor men had not been put to bed, but had to walk the street, or probably slept in some tenement hallway, in a grocery wagon, or along the docks, they would probably have lost their lives. Eternity will only reveal the men's lives that have been saved and the souls that have been saved through the ministry of Mr. John Huyler.

I have a postal card I received from him just before he came home, and I prize it highly. I always thank God I have kept it. I intend to keep it all the days of my life, and I want my children to keep it after me. On this card is his own handwriting. He wrote the letter himself. He didn't dictate it to a stenographer. I am glad I have got this, it is in his own handwriting. The words on this card just show the heart of this great man. There is a picture on the other side, a picture of a beautiful cathedral with a large spire pointing up into the Heaven, and it says on here, "Dear Brother John: This is a fine spire, but I think the money could have done more for our fellow-men used in other ways. Love to the boys and Mrs. Callahan and all, Faithfully," and he always closed with his name "John S. Huyler." He believed in building spiritual temples—"Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost"—and putting his money to the building up of this temple among men themselves. You know when Paul wrote to Timothy, Timothy loved Paul and Paul loved Timothy. It was just like this good man. He loved me and I loved him, and it makes me love everybody.

Last Fourth of July we had an outing of the "Fishing Club" at Scarsdale—the fishing club is composed of men who were saved on the Bowery, and he had them fishing for other men. It was started at the Hadley Rescue Hall a little over three years ago; and we had an outing every year at Scarsdale; and he was always with us and saw that we had a good dinner and a good supper. For the last two Fourths of July, he was to be away, and I shall never forget when it was rumored that he was going abroad a little before the Fourth, and I

asked him if he would be at the outing, and he said "Yes." Somebody came to me the week before the Fourth and said, "John, I don't think you will have Mr. Huyler with you this year because he is going to Europe." So I went to Mr. Huyler and asked him, "Are you going to be with us on the Fourth?" and he said, "John, I said I would be there." I replied, "Yes, sir," and I said, "but somebody said you were going to Europe." He said, "Didn't I tell you I would be there," and I said, "Yes, sir." "Well, that was enough." And sure enough on the Fourth of July he came in his automobile with some members of his family, and I shall never forget the delightful time we had.

I shall never forget the loving look in his face as these poor men were giving their testimony, and when Mrs. Eva Booth of the Salvation Army gave her address. He delighted to be among redeemed men. Nothing delighted him more. The children loved him at home. In fact, people coming to visit us and bringing candy, our boys, generally, would say, "Is this Mr. Huyler's?" and if it didn't prove to be Huyler's it was always turned down. No other kind of candy goes in our home but Huyler's. The children all love him, God bless him.

The other night I had a dream. I don't know if you go much on dreams, but the Bible speaks sometimes of dreams, and I can't refrain from simply stating in a few words what came to me in this dream. I had a dream and I was in Heaven, and I thought there was some sort of a telegram came to Heaven, saying, "John Huyler is coming." You know when we are away from home we like to send telegrams to the loving ones at home to be at the depot when the train pulls in; and it seemed to me as if a telegram came from earth and said, "John Huyler is coming home," and our blessed Lord had it in His hand, and He was the one that announced it, and when it was announced I could see the large multitude in Heaven all running towards the gate, and I can see them now as they were assembled around the gate, and I can see John Huyler himself as plain as if he were before me, and I could see Jesus standing there, and as he came in I could see the Saviour reach out and take him by the hand and give him a hearty welcome, and could hear these words, "Well done, thou good and

faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." And after Jesus let go of his hand, I could see his sainted father and mother, and his beautiful daughter, Abbie, how she ran and jumped and put her arms around his neck; and I could see Sam Hadley, who didn't have the cane in his hand; the cane had been thrown away; he wasn't laboring as he did upon the earth. And I could see Mr. Huyler and Mr. Hadley as they met with a beautiful smile upon their countenances; and then Jerry McAuley and that large multitude that had been made straight by the power of Jesus Christ, and had gone to Heaven, and that he had helped. Oh! what a time they are having in Heaven. God bless him! I expect to be there some day and meet him.

By special request the quartette from the Bowery have been asked to sing a hymn which Mr. Huyler loved dearly, "Old Jordan's Waves I Will Not Fear."

SONG BY THE BOWERY QUARTETTE: "Old Jordan's Waves I Will Not Fear."

Some day, I know not when 'twill be,
The angel Death will come to me;
But this I know, if Christ be near,
Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

My sins He long ago forgave,
And still I feel His pow'r to save;
And, if I keep the witness clear,
Old Jordan's waves I will not fear.

My loved ones they have cross'd the tide,
But safely cross'd with Christ their Guide;
They sweetly whisper'd in my ear,
Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

So when at death's cold brink I stand,
My hand clasp'd in my Saviour's hand,
I, too, shall shout in tones so clear,
Old Jordan's waves I do not fear.

THE HELPING HAND: Mr. F. G. Furbay.

There is an old Arab proverb, with which doubtless all of you are familiar, that has come to my mind in this connection and with this association: "He that knows not and knows not that he knows not, he is a fool, shun him; he that knows not and knows that he knows not, he is simple, trust him; he that knows and knows not that he knows, he is asleep, awake him; he who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise, follow him."

John Huyler was a man that knew, and knew that he knew, and he for that reason was a man that we delighted to follow. He knew that the Bible was the word of God, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. He knew the power of God, for he had experienced it, had seen it manifested repeatedly. He knew the love of God, for he had felt it and tried to give expression to it through himself to other men. He knew, and he knew that he knew, that the power of God was for the salvation of any man, rich or poor, and the faith of John Huyler, as I say it, found expression in what he did to extend a helping hand to the men and women that needed help. His faith was untutored; it was a direct inspiration from God, hence it did not waver when a man fell. His faith could not be analyzed, but it was not complex, it was as simple as that of a child; consequently it never wavered, or got into periods of despondency or hopelessness. The faith of John Huyler found expression in what he did to give other men an opportunity to know, as he knew, that God was power and Jesus was love. That faith, as you have heard, found expression in a manifold number of ways, reaching to the uttermost parts of the earth, touching the lowest and coming into contact with the most dignified and cultured; that faith which he gave expression to in his acts of benevolence and words of kindness, and the touch of sympathy, with which he touched hand and shoulder with mankind, remains as the greatest testimonial, in my mind, to this wonderful man in his most remarkable career. It is remarkable, too, and I felt that I understood, as I had never understood before, something of the reason for it, when I heard Brother MacMullen read this particularly and peculiarly applicable portion of the Scripture,

that John Huyler in his religious avocation gave almost the same amount of time to these works of his faith as he did to his regular vocation in the ordinary affairs of life. And I often wondered how he got the time, and yet he seemed to have the time to come down to Hadley Hall and visit John Callahan, and come down to the Water Street Mission and visit the boys there, and come down to the Abigail School and see the children there, and sometimes come down to Bleecker Street and visit there. He seemed to have the time to give to these things as well as the money. And I have wondered why other men didn't have the time, unless it is that John Huyler more completely than the rest of us understood and applied sacredly that Scripture that Brother MacMullen read to us this afternoon. But it was not only his time through which his faith found expression; it was also the personal interest which he had in the individual men and women with whom he came in contact. He was a benevolent man himself. He was benevolent for Christ's sake. He was benevolent because he believed, as Dr. North has said, that he owed a debt of gratitude to God that must be paid through God's own children who are in need and in distress; but he wanted these children of the Master likewise to learn themselves the lesson that this was a part of their obligation to God. And frequently he said to me, "Whenever you can get a fellow that has gone to work that is willing to send five cents a week to support the Alliance you have made that man make a contribution, not only toward helping some other fellow, but made a contribution toward his estate in the kingdom of God. Try to teach every man that comes here and gets a job that he has an obligation to send some of that money back to take care of another fellow that was in the same position he was in."

The faith of Mr. Huyler in its expression in helping men would be continued, from his standpoint, in tutoring men to likewise show gratitude to God out of the earnings of their hands for what God had done for them in their restoration, that they had been received back into His kingdom, back into their right mind.

Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of this man, as I

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saw it, was his sympathy, to which touching reference has been made. The loss of John S. Huyler to the world is more serious than the loss of his dollar. We can lose the dollar; we can replace the dollar, as has been stated here in the reference to the "Man of Affairs;" but it is a question whether we can replace the touch of John S. Huyler's hand or not. I have seen him come into the mission services, and John Callahan and others and I have seen the influence of the presence of the man, although unknown to himself, through that audience. There was sympathy in the touch of his hand and the tone of his voice, in the smile that was constantly upon his lips; in every movement of the man there was the consciousness of those that heard and observed him that this was a man, true clean through, solid in every respect, without any element that would in any way detract from the sincerity of his professions or the integrity of his conduct. The sympathy of John S. Huyler in an audience of men that were in distress was like a fragrance borne to them of the odors of the vineyards in the Valley of Ischol, it was a refreshment like the waters that come from the rock in the desert, it was an inspiration of hope like the view of the promised land that came to Moses in his declining years. The sympathy of this man of God was what made his dollars count and produced dividends in the kingdom of God for the glory of God and the righteousness of Christ.

IN FOREIGN FIELDS: Bishop William Burt, Resident in Zurich, Switzerland.

Only a few days before I left Zurich I received this telegram, "Improving. Huyler." My heart was filled with joyful expectations that I would arrive in New York and find him well. Two weeks ago this morning I read, "John S. Huyler died yesterday." It seemed as though my own heart stopped beating for a while, and then I turned my face to Heaven and said, "Lord, what shall we do with all these burdens down here, and such a helper and such a friend gone?"

It was my privilege, a great privilege, too, to know John Huyler for many years. In a very quiet way I came into his life, and he came

into mine. I was a young pastor in South Brooklyn, in charge of a mission station. We invited him over there to speak to the men. He invited me to accompany him one evening to the Water Street Mission. The impressions of that meeting and of that hour are as fresh in my memory to-day as if made only last evening. The men were given sandwiches and coffee. Jerry McAuley was in charge of the meeting. Then they came on with the testimonies of what God had done for them, and for their souls, and every once in a while Mr. Huyler would turn to me and say, "That is what we want. Don't you see that Jesus can do for men and women to-day just the same as He did when He was on earth?" When the testimonies would stop, then came the urgent appeals for sinners to come and give their hearts to Christ, and the altar service; and your pastor and I saw this Christian prince kneeling there with those rough-looking men, weeping and pouring out his soul to God for their conversion. He had brought me over there to teach me a lesson, and the lesson I cannot ever forget.

When I was transferred to Italy I soon learned that I needed just such a friend as Mr. Huyler in certain emergencies. I never bothered him except for the emergency, but often when I told him about the troubles I had been through, he used to say "But, why didn't you telegraph me, I could have sent you a little relief at that time." But he always sent the relief at the right time, and not only the material support but the assurance of his sympathy and love. Many a young man in Italy to-day is praising the name of John S. Huyler because he has had the privilege of attending our industrial school at Venice, or college at Rome, and these young men are in honorable positions to-day in Italy or in the United States, and some of them in our ministry there and here.

I think I never knew a more cosmopolitan man than John S. Huyler in his sympathies and in his gifts. It didn't make any difference to him whether it was an Italian or a Scandinavian or an American or a Bulgarian. It made no difference whatever. It was the need that appealed to his heart, and he did the thing in the name of his Master. Ah, I often thought that John S. Huyler had been on the housetop in

communion with God, and he had seen the vision and he had heard of God's voice saying, "I am no respecter of persons;" and John S. Huyler was no respecter of persons. A few days ago a friend of mine told me this instance that occurred after his death. This friend of mine was walking in Central Park, and he overheard two negroes, or colored men, talking together, and one said, "Isn't it too bad that good man, Mr. Huyler, is dead?" And the other said, "Yes, he was the friend of everybody." Then the other replied, "I don't see why he should die. Here am I, of no account in the world. Why didn't God take me instead of Mr. Huyler? I would gladly have died instead of him, for he was needed here."

A more cosmopolitan man and more cosmopolitan life I have never met than in John S. Huyler. Our last interview was in Paris. The French mission owes its existence and its hopefulness to-day to the generous gifts of Mr. Huyler. He was very much interested in the salvation of the French people, and it seemed so proper that we should have this interview in Paris. We talked together much during the three days and three nights we were there, and he told me many things about himself and about his gifts and about the joy he had in giving. The pleasure Mr. Huyler had in the world was in making other people happy. He said, "I had so much fun the last time I was in Turin." Now, some men would not have considered it fun. It was a great joy to Mr. Huyler and I can imagine how his eyes danced, for I saw them dance even while he was telling the story. He said, "I was at Turin in a very prominent hotel near the river, and I saw down on the river's edge a lot of women there washing, and they looked so hardworked and underfed that I took sympathy upon the women, and I went back to the hotel and told the waiter to arrange a large table on the terrace, where I wanted to bring some of my friends to dine." The table was prepared and then Mr. Huyler went down and invited these women up to dinner. The waiter first objected. He said, "We are not accustomed to have such people in our hotel." But Mr. Huyler said, "These are my friends, you know; I have invited them and I will pay the bill." And these women came in and had a good dinner, and Mr. Huyler

was delighted. He called it great fun. Now that is the kind of fun he was having all over the continent. And our boys in Venice when they heard he was coming knew they were in for a good time. And while we are assembled here this afternoon there will be expressions of sympathy and of prayer going to Heaven from the school in Venice, from the school in Rome, from the Italian Mission, and from France, for him, as there are those there who love him as we love him here.

I was very much interested in the way in which he tried to learn the language. He knew quite a good deal of French, but he wanted also to learn Italian, so that he could get into personal touch and sympathy with the people, and not have an interpreter—as he said, “an interrupter”—between him and them. Well, he learned a number of words, and by his very gracious manner and the few words he did know he found easy communication with the Italians, and they responded to the smile of his lips and the smile of his eyes.

During our days in Paris, Dr. Buckley also visited him, and he was very much pleased to see the Doctor, and also Mr. Patten from Chattanooga; and on several occasions we had prayer and Christian fellowship, and he said repeatedly, “Yes, I would like to live a little longer for I have much else I want to do.” And he mentioned over several of the things he wanted to do, but he said, “I am not anxious about it. I have committed the things to my boys, and I am ready to go if the Lord wishes to take me at this time.” My last night in Paris, before leaving him, was spent with him alone; and yet I want to mention just one other incident that happened in Paris that illustrates how he did things without letting others know it. I was in the office of the French line arranging for his passage home and met there one of our colored ministers, and when I told him that Mr. Huyler was in the Grande Hotel, very ill, this brother’s eyes filled with tears. “Oh,” he said, “is that true? Please, please tell him how thankful I am that he has given me this opportunity to go abroad and learn a little more. I didn’t know that he was my benefactor until a short time ago, when Brother North told me.” That was the way he was doing good here and over there constantly.

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But that last night will ever be precious in my memory of this dear man, whom I loved so ardently. I kneeled by his bedside. He reached out his hand and took hold of mine, and our souls went out together in prayer and supplication and communion with God; sometimes not a word being uttered, he holding tight my hand, and then I would voice a few words more in petition and prayer and praise; and as I rose to go away I saw his own eyes were bathed in tears, and he said, "Thank you, thank you. You are going home now. Give my love to the wife. And I am going to New York, and I hope to get better, but it makes no difference. The Lord's will be done." And he took my hand once more and said, "Good night, God bless you." And that sweet voice is ringing in my ears this afternoon, and will through all the years to come—"Good night." But we will meet in the morning, we will meet in the morning, for we know that he is only gone home to be with his Lord, whom we shall meet also in His good time.

SONG BY QUARTETTE.

THE CHRISTIAN: Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D. D.

Dear Friends: The hour which was set for the close of these exercises has come. It will therefore be impossible for me to make the address which I had in mind to give. If our departed friend were sitting by me on this platform, I think he would whisper in my ear,— "Don't you think the congregation has been kept quite long enough?" He was always solicitous for the comfort of his friends and would never be a burden to them if he could help it.

I shall only detain you by a simple word of personal tribute and an incident or two which will serve to make clear the underlying principles of his beneficent life. I am announced to speak on his Christian life, but that has already been so largely dwelt upon that it will be quite unnecessary for me to present any formal analysis of that life. A personal incident or two must suffice.

Reference has been made to the fact that he was accustomed to regard his Lord as his business partner. The checks which he gave

me to help the poor and suffering bore upon them, in large letters, "M. P. ACCOUNT." I knew that my brethren in the ministry came to him often, and that his heart was ever open to their needs, and I supposed that the "M. P." probably referred to "Methodist Preacher's Account." But on questioning his secretary, he told me that Mr. Huyler said to him,—“Hereafter please put on every check, and write it large—M. P. ACCOUNT. The money I give belongs to My Partner, who loved me and gave Himself for me. I am simply His agent in passing it out to the people.” This will indicate his deep sense of stewardship.

I would like to tell you how he came to begin the Christian life. He was walking along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street on the last night of 1886. He had made an arrangement with some of his friends to meet them at midnight down-town, for one of those joyous gatherings with which the youth of New York were accustomed to usher out the old year and welcome in the new.

That day he had received the check which was due him for his share of the profits of the year. He had been so little interested in it that he had placed it in his pocket without looking to see the amount. As he passed under a gas light on the street, he took the check out of his pocket. He told me more than once that that was the turning point of his life. As the lamp light fell upon the check, he could hardly believe his eyes. The check was many times larger than he had expected it would be. “I realized,” he said, “that I must do one of two things: either give up the careless way in which I had been using my money, or else God only knew what the result would be, with so much money at my disposal.” The thought sobered him, and instead of going down to meet the boys, as he had planned, he remembered that a Watch Night Service was being held in the little hall on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, where the organization now known as Calvary Church began its work. He went to that meeting. They were praying as he entered. His own mother was kneeling at the altar. He went without special invitation, and knelt there beside her. It was an hour of great heart searching and the beginning of a great change. A few months

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after this he went to Europe; and his partner has told me how one night on one of the boulevards of Paris with the temptations of a great city fronting him, he deliberately set his back upon them all and finally settled the question that he would be a godly man.

He joined Calvary as a probationer February 5th, 1888, in the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Osborn and January 6th, 1889, he was received into full connection in this church.

He believed profoundly in conversion. He was himself a man of natural kindness of heart, he was generous and open hearted. He was not a faultfinder. He was kindly and sympathetic to the last degree. But it was not until the grace of God touched his heart, that he began his great benefactions for the world. He never seemed to himself to have measured up to his obligation as a steward of God's great gifts, but I have never known any one who had so much conscience in his giving. Speaking of it to me one day in his quiet way, he said: "I heard the preachers say that a man should give one-tenth to the Lord; and after a little I gave a fifth, and later I gave one-fourth, and then one-half, and then," he said, "I ceased to keep count."

The only time I ever knew him to speak with the least degree of complacency of his gifts was once when he had narrated his method of proportionate giving and looked up, and in his naive way said: "I really think if I should die to-day, the Lord would say: 'Well, John, you are a few dollars ahead,'" He meant to say that he had kept his contract with the Lord and a little more.

I have said that he believed in conversion. He felt that that was the only and sufficient remedy for weakness and sin. He would very often smile as he told how wayward men, who had fallen again, and again, were saved through the transforming power of a new affection. He was fain to catch the wanderer with guile. He would often say to some man who was down and out: "If you will go down to the Water Street Mission and stay through the service and write me a report that I may know how things are going, and your impressions concerning them, and mail this to me each morning, I will

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see that you get two dollars a day for your work. It often happened, as he had anticipated, that the man who went to investigate remained to pray, and found himself the blessed life which so many others were entering. More than once he has called me up by 'phone, at ten or eleven o'clock at night, and asked, "Will you go with me to the Mission?" Many a time I have seen him kneeling on the floor of the Mission, with each arm over the neck of some poor wanderers, trying to lead them into the peace which the prodigal found.

Mr. Huyler loved the Bible. I never saw a layman to whom it was so dear. Again and again, as we have journeyed across the country and spent evenings together in trains and hotels, we have talked on into the night about the things of the Kingdom, and when we had finished our talking he would bring the Bible from his pocket and say: "Now let us read a message from the Book and have our prayers together." We never went to our slumbers that we did not go from our knees.

As he lived, so he died. As we gathered about his bedside his dear wife said to him: "Shall I read to you again out of the Bible?" He smiled and said: "Just lay it here where I can touch it." As he went down into the shadows, he said: "Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage." And as he went down deeper, he murmured: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

He believed in family religion. He always said that it was the example of the home which led him to Christ and nothing pleased him so much as to have his home a Christian home. I am sure nothing was a greater comfort to him than to feel that each one of his sons had been received into membership in this church. His godly father and mother lived so that, whoever else might be false, John Huyler knew that there was such a thing as a genuine Christian life. I am sure that his sons will also be able to say "Whosoever may be false, my father was a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ."

When I remember all he did for the poor and the sick and the needy in all lands where he helped to send the Gospel, I can not help

thinking that it must have been a precious moment when he met his Lord. I would like to see his wide-eyed wonder when Jesus said: "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me." And to his question: "When?" I hear the Saviour saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

We are all gathered here as friends, and I may be permitted a very tender and personal word. In the last days of his pilgrimage he seemed to buckle his belt for fresh conquests in the great Beyond. In such an hour, his dear wife whispered to him: "It may be, John, that God has some great mission for you in Heaven." The faded eyes brightened and there was a spark of the old glitter as he said: "I shall be glad to undertake it." When I remember the pain of the weakened body, I am glad to feel that he has passed into the larger life, where he no longer needs our poor protection and, unhindered by earthly limitations, has gone on great ventures for his Lord.

When I saw him last, I whispered to him, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." He whispered back this sentence,—*"He that believeth on Me shall never see death, and I will raise him up at the last day."*

Just before he was taken sick, one of our mutual friends had passed on to the better country. As expressive of our feelings I repeated this stanza, which seemed greatly to impress him.

"He was my friend. Before the closed door
 I stand, slow to believe that I no more
 Shall press his hand. The days drag on to years,
 With added sense of loss, and pain in store,
 And grief doth overflow in bitter tears,
 While steadfast Faith her loving comfort gives;
 The converse sweet with him who is not here,
 Is not a memory dead upon his bier,
 But in the life beyond most surely lives;
 I do not only say, 'He *was* my friend,'
 But looking calmly forward to the end,
 When I shall also pass the opening door,
 And grasp his hand with joy unknown before,
 I wait in faith, and say, 'He *is* my friend!'"

I am sure it is in the same spirit that we cry—"Hail" and "Farewell" after our departed friend.

We will unite in singing the hymn, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me," after which I will ask Bishop Warren to offer a word of prayer and Bishop Bristol to pronounce the benediction.

HYMN: "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me."

Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will
When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
Wond'rous Sovereign of the Sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

PRAYER: Bishop Henry W. Warren.

There was once a perfect one, perfect in His physical being and in His anxiety to make all others perfect in their physical being; perfect in the great offices He gave the world, so infinitely above all in His philanthropies, and then perfect in His spiritual relations to the Infinite Father, caring for bodies, caring for thoughts, caring for spiritual relations; and as that perfect man did more in His death than in His life, as McAuley had a greater influence in his dying than in his living, so may this man have greater influence than he ever had before. God grant that there may be enough men raised up here to take his place. Amen.

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BENEDICTION: Bishop Frank M. Bristol.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord; and the blessing of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be among you and remain with you always. Amen.



CALVARY METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

MEMORIAL SERVICE
AT THE
OLD JERRY McAULEY MISSION

IN MEMORY OF

"He is truly great, that is great in charity."

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN HONOR OF

JOHN S. HUYLER,

Held Saturday evening, October fifteenth, 1910

at

THE OLD JERRY Mc AULEY MISSION

Three Hundred Sixteen Water Street, New York City

The meeting opened, Mr. John H. Wyburn, the Superintendent of the Mission, presiding.

MR. WYBURN: We will commence our service by singing Hymn No. 140.

The congregation joined in singing Hymn No. 140, "Blessed Assurance."

Hymn No. 56, "Nailed to the Cross," and Hymn No. 146, "Yes, There Is a Pardon for You," were then sung.

MR. WYBURN: I will ask Brother Tom Millerick if he will kindly lead us in prayer, and let us all pray to-night,—first for God's blessing upon our meeting; then that the Spirit of God will bring conviction to the hearts and lives of those who know Him not, here to-night, and that they may come into contact with Jesus and be saved. Let us all silently pray while our brother leads us.

PRAYER by Mr. Millerick:

Heavenly Father, we are met on another Saturday night in this hallowed spot to thank and praise Thee for Thy great love. We are glad so many of us have found pardon through Christ. We pray

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Thee that men may come to life again in this room to-night through Thy precious name. Heavenly Father, bless us again, as Thou hast done so many times in this room. We ask Thee to give us that sustaining grace that we are so much in need of, that we may be overcomers in thought, word and deed. May this meeting be one long to be remembered. We ask Thee, Heavenly Father, to bless the occasion for which we are met here. Hallow the memory of our dear departed brother to each one of us, and may we long remember the one gone to his reward. We are glad we knew him, and glad for what he has done for us; for the help and encouragement he has been to so many downtrodden, lost souls in this room, when he took us by the hand, smiled in our faces, and lifted us Heavenward. We pray Thee that we may never forget that memory. Bless it and hallow it to every one who has come into contact with it. We ask that by Thy Holy Spirit, by the testimonies and the reading of Thy precious word, Thou wilt touch some brother that may be sitting here and help him to turn away from his sinful career to a Christian life. Again, we ask Thee to bless us and that whatever may be said and done may be all for one purpose, the glorifying of our Redeemer for His great love for us. And these things we ask in Jesus' Name, Amen.

The congregation then joined in singing Hymn No. 1, "Nearer, Still Nearer."

MR. WYBURN: We will read for our Scripture Lesson to-night the Thirty-fourth Psalm. Let us ask God's blessing in the reading of His Holy Word.

PRAYER by Mr. Wyburn:

We thank Thee, dear Father, for the privilege of reading Thy precious word to-night. We pray that it may sink into our hearts and into our lives, and that we may realize that it is indeed a message of Thine to every troubled soul in this room. Speak through it, we pray Thee, especially to those who know Thee not. We are gathered here

in Thy Name to worship Thee, to glorify Thee, to tell to men the wonderful story of redemption; and we are gathered here also to honor one whom Thou hast called away from our midst. We know that Thou doest all things well, and, though it is so hard for us to understand why it should be so, we pray Thou wilt help us to submit to Thy will, and grant that into the hearts and into the lives of those our brother has left behind, may come joy, and peace, and gladness, out of this sorrow they have to suffer. How we praise Thee for the presence of Jesus in the heart and in the life of our brother whom Thou hast called to his eternal rest; for the manifestation of Thy Spirit in his life as he went about doing good, helping those that needed help and strength and power, and furnishing the necessary means to give them sustenance, thus doing the work that Jesus Christ Himself would do! We lift our hearts in gratitude to Thee to-night because of this life that was lived so like Thine own life. And we pray especially that Thy blessing may rest upon his family, upon those he loved so much, his dear wife and sons. We pray that Thou wilt sustain them and help them to realize that it is just a little journey, only a little while, and then we shall all meet again around Thy throne, there to sing the wondrous songs of Zion, and to thank Thee for our brother's wonderful life. We ask it in Thy precious Name, Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING.

Mr. Wyburn then read the Thirty-fourth Psalm.

MR. WYBURN: I will now ask our brother, Mr. Graham, to sing for us.

SONG: "Servant of God."

"A life of kindliness is closed,
And one that oft in anguish sighed,
A soul, whose goodness ne'er reposed,
Has looked upon Thee, Lord, and died.

"Oh! Father of all,
Make sweet Thy servant's sleep,
Oh! Father of all,
Make sweet his sleep.

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"For those in need he labored long,
Walking where saintly feet had trod,
And to the last men found him strong,
A faithful servant of his God.

"Oh! Father of all,
His memory fragrant keep,
Oh! Father of all,
His memory keep.

"His labors now are at an end,
Peace crowns his spirit as with light,
But many mourn their only friend,
And loved ones walk in starless night.

"Oh! Father of all,
Remember those who weep,
Oh! Father of all,
Remember those who weep."

ADDRESS: Mr. John H. Wyburn.

We are gathered to-night, my dear friends, to speak about one whom we all loved down here. I don't suppose any man ever came into the Water Street Mission who made himself so much loved as our dear departed President, Mr. John S. Huyler. It seems hardly possible that he has gone away from this world; yet it is nevertheless true, and it will be some time, I suppose, before we can realize it. It is a very hard thing for us to bear, and it must be much more so for those who were so near and dear to him,—his own family. The last time I saw Mr. Huyler he was looking the very picture of health, outwardly, and yet he himself knew that he was not very long for this world. But that did not seem to worry him in the slightest. Shortly before he went abroad there was a meeting of the Building Committee held in his office, and the members of it were talking about their ages. Mr. Huyler told us that the doctor had said that it would be possible for him (if he would obey instructions) to live at least ten years longer. I shall never forget the smile that came into his face as he said: "I am ready to go whenever the summons comes."

I was present the first night Mr. Huyler ever came down to the

Water Street Mission many years ago, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. Dr. Louis Klopsch, the proprietor of the "Christian Herald," had for a year been paying for the free suppers which for many years have been given to this Mission; and Mr. Hadley was telling the boys that that would be the last supper night. Then Mr. Huyler stepped in, and offered to take the place that Dr. Klopsch had occupied for a year. Mr. Hadley then called upon him to pray, and, as you know, he was never much of a public speaker—never said very much when he came down here, although his presence was a benediction to all of us. Looking up, he said: "I feel that I need *your* prayers just as much as the men who are gathered forward at the mercy seat," and added, "I want you to pray for *me* now." It seemed to me that Mr. Huyler went away from this room that night with more joy and peace and gladness in his heart and in his life, than anything else could have brought. It is a wonderful thing to come in contact with Jesus Christ, to know Him as a living Saviour.

Shortly after Mr. Huyler came down to this Mission, I used to ride uptown with him; he used to ask me to go up with him sometimes to his home on Lenox Avenue, near 120th Street, and I used to go up with him, and he used to say: "Well, John, I think I ought to go back with you, you have been so kind to come up with me."

In the summer time, when his wife and family were out of the city, Mr. Huyler remained behind, and you don't know, friends, the interest Mr. Huyler took in me. I was young in the Christian life then, and it was a question whether I would remain down here or not. It was a new thing to me, this living a Christian life and serving Jesus Christ. I'm not sure but that when I started coming here that it was not the influence created by coming in contact with this man that kept me coming here week after week, month after month, year after year. And I also think it was the interest and the influence of the other godly men and women, who were connected with this Mission that kept me coming. And I shall never forget the kindness of Mr. Huyler. He used to talk to me like a father—taking me into his confidence, as it were. He would sometimes tell me of the trials he

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had himself to go through with; and so we would talk all the way up from Water Street to his home. And I have never forgotten the pleasure and benefit that came into my life through my intercourse with Mr. Huyler at this time.

Another trait in Mr. Huyler's life was that he stuck to men through thick and thin. It didn't make any difference how much a man abused his confidence, how far he wandered away from God, how many times he fell, Mr. Huyler kept on believing, and trusting, and hoping that some day the Spirit of Christ would come into his heart and into his life. There are men in this room to-night who can bear me out in this, men whom he has been helping for years; and yet sometimes it seems to me that they are as far away from God, and perhaps farther, than when he first brought them down to this room. I don't think Mr. Huyler ever came down here without bringing some one. Sometimes it was one who had wasted his substance in riotous living, and sometimes it was some of the millionaires of this great city. He was always seeking for some one, so that he might bring them in contact with Jesus Christ. And, as most of you know, men have for years been coming to this Mission (who, I don't suppose, would have come in any other way), for the purpose of furnishing reports of the meetings, night after night, for Mr. Huyler. These men would come down, and the next morning, or some time during the day, Mr. Huyler would get a written report describing the meeting, and what took place in this room the night before. It was the means he used of getting these men down here. It is a hard thing sometimes to get men down to the Water Street Mission, unless they are absolutely "down and out," and there is no other place they can go. By that I mean business men—men who need Jesus Christ in their lives just as much as the worst character that ever came into this room—men that are absolutely in need of Christ. And these men would come down here and listen to the testimonies, and a good many of them have gone away wiser and better men, because Christ came into their lives and into their hearts. Our brother was never weary of doing good. I never saw him unless

he inquired about some one—some one in whom he was personally interested. Mr. Huyler was a personal worker, one of the best kind of workers. The best worker that the Master can have in His vineyard is the man who is willing to talk to men individually about their soul's salvation, and, as you know, Mr. Huyler was everlastingly at this work, especially when he came down here. He used to talk to the men—ragged and deplorable looking men—that came forward here in the winter months. He talked to them, took a wonderful interest in them, just as if they were his own sons, and told them about Jesus.

We shall never again hear his voice in this room, it is true, but the memory and spiritual presence of Mr. Huyler will be an influence in this Mission as long as it stands—just as is the memory of the other godly men and women who have passed away and gone to their reward. No, the influence of Mr. Huyler will never leave this work. And not only that, his influence will be in other works, as you know. I received a telegram from our traveling evangelist, Mr. Alexander, and he says wherever he goes—and he travels over a considerable part of this country—men are lamenting the fact that Mr. Huyler's life in this world is at an end, but not his influence, because Mr. Huyler's influence will never die. When I was a mere child I learned a song, and I have forgotten most of it, but I remember a sentence of it, which runs: "Kind words will never die." And, as long as we live in this world, some one will tell about the kind words and the kind acts that came from the heart and life of our dear departed friend.

I received a telegram from Mr. Frank Huyler on the day of Mr. Huyler's death, simply saying: "Father has passed peacefully away." And that was a fitting end. I never knew a life that was more peaceful than Mr. Huyler's—and I think every one will bear me out in that. I mean, of course, outwardly. I suppose he had troubles, and trials and tribulations. Every one has to have them in this world, more or less. And yet in Mr. Huyler, outwardly, you could very seldom see the trace of them—always a smile on his face, always a kind word,

always the look of love and affection, always a striving to be of service to some one who needed help.

There isn't any question, friends, but that this is the way every Christian man and woman should live—to try to follow, as far as one possibly can, in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, striving to do the work of the Master, striving to live for Him.

I expect quite a large number of visitors here to-night. Saturday night is a night when ministers are always very busy. Dr. Devins is, however, here, and Dr. Goodell will be here, and also Dr. Work. Mr. Curtis has sent this beautiful bouquet of flowers. He never comes out at night now, but he came down here during the week, and said if he had been living in the city he would certainly have been down here to-night.

Friends, Heaven is not so very far away. Don't think for a moment that it is away up in the sky somewhere. And I believe thoroughly that the spirit of Mr. Huyler, and Mr. Hadley, and so many others who have been so wonderfully interested in this work are present here to-night. There is no question in my mind that Heaven is not very far away, and I believe our dear departed friends know and understand what is going on here to-night.

We will now sing one of Mr. Huyler's favorite songs—one he used to love to have us sing down here, No. 214, "Nearer, My God to Thee."

(The congregation joined in singing Hymn No. 214, "Nearer, My God to Thee.")

MR. WYBURN: I will now ask the Rev. John Devins to speak. I believe Dr. Devins first met Mr. Huyler in the Water Street Mission.

ADDRESS: Rev. John P. Devins, D. D.

Mr. Wyburn has spoken about Heaven not being far away. It suggests a line of Mrs. Stowe's:

JOHN S. HUYLER

"It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we cannot see,
Yet the soft closing of an eye,
May bring us there to be."

Just where Heaven is, or what Heaven is, none of us can tell, but that it *is* is the main thought—a thought worth having, worth keeping in mind. And the thought that our loved ones are there, those who have finished the work given them to do here, is what makes Heaven worth looking for. "For with them will He be Who is our salvation."

"We may not climb the Heavenly steeps,
To bring the Lord Christ down,
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depth can drown.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
Nor faith has had its Olivet,
And love its Galilee."

I never knew a man who had more of the spirit of the Jesus whom we love than that one in whose memory we are gathered here to-night. It *was* here that I first saw Mr. Huyler, about eight years ago, and I hadn't met him before. Then Mr. Hadley asked him to speak to a man who was sitting in one of the front seats, and the difference between the two men was so marked—I had learned in the evening who Mr. Huyler was—that it presented a wonderful contrast. There was that Christian gentleman and prince among men, with his arm over the shoulder of the other man, talking to him as though they were equals—as though they had both wandered away and were coming home together—and the one, a little stronger than the other, trying to help him to where the first one stood. Simple, wasn't it?

Mr. Huyler and I never talked about theology. I don't know that he knew what my theology was. We never discussed Calvinism or any other "ism," but we talked about helping men—not helping them merely with bread and clothing and a night's lodging. We *did* talk about these things, certainly. But he would say to me, "Dr. Devins,

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what interests me, more than material comforts, is that these men shall learn about Jesus Christ. When they are hungry they need food; if they have no clothing, they need that clothing; if they haven't a bed, they need that bed; but that is not what they really need. We give them that because that is a material necessity; but what they really need is to have their souls born into the kingdom of God; what they need is to have those bodies really become temples of the Holy Ghost; what they need is to have a new motive, a new aspiration, a new aim. And that is why, he said, he liked Water Street and the Christian Alliance, and other interests dear to his heart, because while these institutions recognized that the souls they were trying to save were in bodies that needed attention, it was the souls first of all that were their genuine concern, and this was also the first concern of this godly man. Men speak of Mr. Huyler as a Methodist, and of his great love for his denomination and for his church. And that is well. But I love to think of Mr. Huyler as a friend—not a friend to me simply, though he *was* a friend to me—but a friend of mankind. Isn't it Walter Frost that sings:

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze a path
Where highway never ran;
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man."

And that is the picture I have in my mind when I think of Mr. Huyler—a man by the side of the road being a friend of those that are passing by. And as you have heard to-night, and as you knew before, he was a friend that remained a friend. So many of us get tired helping one another as other men get tired helping us. You go on for a time and then the man you are striving to help seems to be going heavily, and doesn't appreciate your efforts, and you wonder after all whether it is worth while. But I can't imagine Mr. Huyler doing that. When he set himself to help a man he helped him just as

the dear Lord helped him through his years of life. And that, after all, is true friendship that does not worry when the burden grows heavy, that does not lose heart when the man seems to be unappreciative. Men ought to be appreciative; they ought to recognize what is done for them; but when we think how little *we* recognize God's goodness to us, we ought to have far more mercy for others than we have.

Mr. Huyler was deeply interested not only in this work here but in the Christian Alliance in Bleecker Street, and that was where I knew him best. He talked about the plans for the future of that work, he talked about the development of it, but it always ended up by his saying, "I hope attention is being paid to the religious side of it." He wanted to have first things first. The Germans say, so I am told, that "what is heaviest weighs most," and that was true of Mr. Huyler in his thinking,—the most important things were uppermost in his mind. He would talk on other things—other relations in which men were placed—but he never got away from the first things, and there is an example in which you and I may do well to follow him, to keep in mind the first things that are really worth while, to keep in mind the things that are really worth the having.

His interest in the missions and in his church was not his only interest that showed him a friend of man. There is a school in this city which very few of us, I presume, could find, a school which had been carried on for nearly a generation, and I think that if those who knew should open the books they would find that a good deal of money had gone there to help that splendid work. I think you and I know nothing except the name in the directory of the charity where working girls have had a comfortable home largely through the influence of this man. There are some men, when they get into relation with you, make you think what you are interested in is their chief concern; and so it was with regard to Mr. Huyler. Mr. Wyburn thinks he was the one man in which Mr. Huyler was largely interested. I presume there are a good many who can tell the very same story, and with equal truth, because he had the ability, he had that gift,

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which is really a gift, of impressing his own personality upon the one with whom he was talking. And he was sincere in every one of these different relations.

At the funeral of D. L. Moody a clergyman made this remarkable statement: "I would rather be D. L. Moody dead than any man living in this world." It struck me at the time as an exaggeration beyond all credence; but I have thought of that statement a good deal in these last ten years, as one and another man has gone, and when you think of what they were enabled to do, and when you think of the large number of men that are living (ourselves included), who have done so little, and are doing so little, to make the world better, that does not seem so exaggerated a statement after all. It certainly does not in regard to the man in whose memory we gather to-night. I finish, as I began, with Walter Frost:

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by.
They are good, they are bad, they are foolish and weak,
And so indeed am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or wield the cynic's pen?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of men."

And if from this service to-night, from what we have heard from Mr. Wyburn and shall hear from others, we go out feeling, like the great Friend who loved Mr. Huyler, and who loves you and me, that we can do something more to show our friendliness to men and show them we have the heart of Jesus Christ in us, His example sustaining us, His life holding us, then this will indeed be one of the best services ever held in this Mission.

MR. WYBURN: Let us sing two verses of Hymn No. 215.

(The congregation joined in singing hymn No. 215, "Lead Kindly Light.")

MR. WYBURN: I will now ask Mr. Thomas Savage Clay to

speak. He is one of our Trustees and will speak for himself and for those of his fellow-trustees who cannot be present.

ADDRESS: Mr. Thomas Savage Clay.

I hardly know what to say on this occasion. Mr. Huyler has been a great deal to me, as he has been to all the other Trustees that have come into contact with him. I think the real keynote to Mr. Huyler's success in life, to his great power of reaching men, and to the great ability he had of throwing his life into the man's life who had no friends, was that he realized that a real friend is the one that comes to you when every one has left you. Mr. Huyler realized that he was only to pass through this world but once, and he wanted to do all the good he could while he was here, because he knew he would not pass this way again. He didn't want to wait until men were dead before he sent flowers; he wanted to send flowers, as it were, to every man while he lived that he might be brightened up. Mr. Huyler's desire when he came in contact with a man was not simply to feed and clothe him—that was not the primary object of his life. That was a means that Mr. Huyler had to the end of saving and bringing that man to Jesus Christ.

I remember very well when I first met him. I came into contact with him in connection with a Mr. Mercer who was here. Mr. Huyler, Mr. Wyburn and Mr. Hadley and myself all used to be great friends. We used to talk about the work here, and Mr. Huyler used to talk to me just as he talked to Mr. Wyburn. I, too, felt that when he talked to me his whole interest was centered in me. He was trying to hold and attract me, so that I might help in this work that he had planned so carefully and on which his heart was set for so many years.

Mr. Huyler realized another thing. He felt that this life which God had given him was a trust, and that as long as God permitted him to remain on this earth it was his duty to use that which he had, to the best of his ability, to redeem mankind, and to bring them to know and to love Jesus Christ.

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Mr. Huyler had the power of absolutely forgetting self when he talked to a poor fellow in here or to a poor fellow on the streets. He never saw the condition of that man, never noticed his rags. It didn't make any difference to him whether it was a millionaire or a pauper. The thing that he saw in that man's life was the soul of that man which he wanted to lead to Jesus Christ. I think one of the great reasons for Mr. Huyler's humbleness, sweetness, long-suffering and kindness was his realization of the personality of Jesus Christ and his close proximity to God. At all times he could go to Him and talk to Him about whatever trials or cares that he had. He knew that the Master would safely carry him through, as He will all those who come to Him.

The close association that Mr. Huyler had with Mr. Hadley, as it has been in the lives of all of us here, couldn't help but lead us closer to that Master that Mr. Hadley and Mr. McAuley and Mr. Wyburn and others here have been trying to serve to their best ability. Now that Mr. Huyler has gone home to his reward, how true it was, as he said to Mr. Wyburn, that he was ready to go! Any man that serves Jesus Christ faithfully should not have any fear of death. His aim and object of life should be so to work for the Master and so to use the talent that has been given to him that when the time does come for him to go he will be ready to answer that call. We often think of those who have gone. I sit here often in the evenings and look at the pictures of Mr. Hadley or Mr. McAuley, and now I shall look at Mr. Huyler, and think that some day I will be there with them all. It is only a short time at longest before we shall have to go; and, if we are not right with God, what are we going to say to Him? *What are we going to say to Him?* The opportunity is given every man here to-night to accept his Master, and I hope no one will go out of this room without letting the dear Saviour come into his heart.

How I can picture in my mind Mr. Huyler as he entered into God's presence and heard those simple words, that are in the 25th chapter of Matthew: "You fed Me when I was hungry, you clothed Me when I was naked, you visited Me in prison," and then heard the

Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." My prayer is, that the Master will use me as he sees best, that I may hear those words when I go home.

MR. WYBURN: Mr. Plumb will be the next one to speak. Mr. Plumb is an old friend of Mr. Huyler's, and he has written a few lines of verse he is willing to read.

ADDRESS: Mr. Sanford G. Plumb.

Mr. Huyler was very near and dear to me, as he was to many who are here in this room to-night; but, whether he was dear to us or not, one and all of us were very dear to him. I shall never forget the first time I came to Water Street. I think it was the second night that Mr. Huyler had ever been here. I stopped in to see him in the afternoon and I was in the great trouble that had bothered me all my life. I had been drinking, and after we had been talking for a while, he said, "Well, let us go out and get something to eat." So we went out and had some dinner, and afterwards he said to me, "Will you go down-town with me?" and I said, "Certainly, I will go anywhere with you," and he said, "Come on." So we got on an Elevated train and finally got off at Franklin Square, and started down Dover Street. I wasn't much acquainted with this part of the town and knew nothing about the Water Street Mission; and before we turned the corner at Water Street, I said, "John, I don't know as I am ready to commit suicide yet. Where are you going,—to the river?" and just then we turned the corner, and he said, "There is where we want to go, it will save us;" and he pointed to the light outside, and we came in here. The only regret of my life is that I had not joined him then and there, and had not always been as steadfast in the pursuit of righteousness as my friend. I didn't intend that the few verses I had written should have been read by me here to-night; but the night before his funeral, in a reflective mood I wrote a few verses, which are not so much a tribute to my bosom friend as they are, I think, a tribute to the righteous man, for if ever there was a

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man who had the spirit of Jesus Christ it was John Huyler. But that has been already dilated on and I will not occupy your time in saying anything more along that line. I am very happy to dedicate these lines to the man as I knew him, and, as I think, most people esteem him:

JOHN S. HUYLER.

He knew the blighting touch of sin, its ways to tread,
And shuddering, turned the Master's way and pardon sought,
His Lord's compassion in each suffering face he read,
And, pitying, gave of love, for him on Calvary bought.
Amid the luring maze of Mammon's world he trod,
Not seeking tainted pelf to gain, nor selfish power,
But love. With open hand and reverent thought of God,
He walked his humble way, God's grace his richest dower.
His gentle nature recked not vanity of life.
God's Kingdom, here and now, enthroned his faith beheld;
Immortal manhood, wrought of mortal stress and strife,
Needing but Christ the broken bond to weld,
Loved of his fellowmen! Not dead! His spirit lives!
Exemplified in him, what ransomed love will do,
To raise the weak, the lost in sin. To him God gives,
Who gives with loving hand. Christ's message, his, to you.

MR. WYBURN: We will sing a verse of Hymn No. 219. Let us rise while we are singing one of the very great favorites of Mr. Huyler. We will sing the first and last verses.

(The congregation joined in singing the first and last verses of Hymn No. 219, "The Solid Rock.")

MR. WYBURN: Now, we have so many here who wish to speak, friends, that I think it would be a good plan if all the converts of the Mission would stand up together. We haven't time for our regular testimony service to-night, as you know; but I suppose you all want to express your feeling of gratitude and love for Mr. Huyler; and I think it would be a good plan if you would all stand up, and just in a very few words, one after the other, give an expression of the impression left upon our hearts and lives by our dead President, of Mr. Huyler's influence over your lives. Now, please, one after the other, in a very few words:

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIES OF CONVERTS WERE
THEN GIVEN:

MR. THOMAS MILLERICK: I am glad to be here to bear tribute to the memory of Brother Huyler. I counted him a friend of mine. I remember when I first came here as a convert, how he sought us men out and took us by the hand, and it was a hearty handshake he gave us, and a smile; and I know it was a help to many and an encouragement, as I know it was to me; and I am glad to count John S. Huyler as one of my friends. I am thankful also for what Jesus has done for me. Jesus is our Saviour. He saved me from a drunken, sinful life. Twelve years, eight months and twenty-four days ago I started to live a Christian life, and by His grace I have been helped along so far. I expect some day to see my friends with Jesus, because He has promised that. I am glad I have found Jesus, and I am glad I know the story of redeeming grace through faith in Jesus Christ.

MR. ANDREW HUTCHISON: I am glad to be here to-night to say a word for John S. Huyler, a man I loved very much, because he was a great help to me. I worked in Mr. Huyler's stable about seven years ago. He used to come out there and talk to me, and speak about the Water Street Mission. He asked me what kind of work we were doing down there, and wanted to know if there was any one being saved. I told him I couldn't tell who else was being saved, but I knew of one, and that was myself, and that if they were saving me, then men just like myself were being saved. He said he believed so himself, that he was hearing good reports from there. So he would keep on talking with me about the Water Street Mission. He was always an encouragement. We always liked to see Mr. Huyler come into the Mission, and he always had a smile on his face and an encouraging word for everybody. I never met him after I came into the Mission but that he would stop and speak an encouragement to me to keep on. I tell you he was a friend to a great many that I knew, and with whom he came in contact. I came in here eight years, nine

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months and twenty-two days ago. You wouldn't have known me when I came in here then, if you had seen me, and I told Mr. Huyler so, and he said he was glad he didn't see me that way. I told him I believed I was going to stand now, and that I would never go back to the old life, but would go on to the end; and I never did go back, and here I am to-night.

CAPTAIN ALLEN: I feel thankful that the Lord has saved me from a wild, reckless life. I followed the sea for forty-two years and have been all over the world—in every dirty drunken scrape and every dirty hole in the world. I used to talk to Mr. Huyler because he traveled a good deal himself. I praise the Lord for such a man as John Huyler. He was able to do so much for other men, and he never seemed to consider himself.

MR. HOWARD THOMPSON: I never think of Mr. Huyler but that I also think of the first night that I came down in here, three years, ten months and a few nights ago, without any money or any place to go. Here I was kindly received and taken care of, and these people eventually led me to have faith in the power of God to change my heart and change my life. I thank God for the efforts they made, and the interest they took in me that night. I have now been three years and nine months and seven nights saved from a drunken, dissolute, wretched life to one of peace and joy. Praise God for this!

MR. PARK: I first met Mr. Huyler in this place. I thank God that I did, for to-night I am a sober man, and with God's help I intend to be so. Thank God for such a man as Mr. Huyler and for such a place as this!

MR. WILLIAM QUINN: I first met Mr. Huyler about eight years ago, and I learned to love and respect him like one who is a friend, and to look upon him as a friend. I remember the first night I met him and how he has helped me. I can just feel his hand grasp mine now. He took me by the hand and putting his other hand on my shoulder said, "Well, Billy, how are you getting along? Is Jesus pre-

ious to you?" He was always ready to talk about Jesus. I just want to say, and say in a few words, that this is a better world for Mr. Huyler having lived in it. That covers a whole lot. It was through him that I was saved, and to God I give all the glory.

MR. JOHN MERGENTHALER: I thank God for the sentiments expressed here to-night. I want to add mine to them. I can always understand why we welcome a man that is without a friend, or sick, or in want; but I thank God that He also finds men in such a position in life as Mr. Huyler was that they are able to attract thousands of people to look towards Him in affliction or under any of the crosses of life that oppress them. I am so glad that God has made men like Mr. Huyler in soul and in his love for men to bring forth results out of strife and daily toil; and pour it forth to give it in his love, not knowing and seemingly not caring where the income was from it. Thank God for such a heart that can so pour forth, looking only to Him for recompense, thanking Him for His love. I, too, with many down here, thank God I knew Mr. Huyler. I met Mr. Huyler one morning on 14th Street. We were both going pretty fast, he one way and I the other, and he stopped and shook me by the hand and said, "Are you in a hurry?" and I said, "Yes, I have business to attend to." "And so have I," he replied, smiling, and then turned around, after speaking to me, and went on. I often think of that incident. Dear people, I want to tell you, when a man sees another striving to attain the object for which he is pouring forth the results of his brain, or his labors, and that object is to bring a soul to Jesus, that is what makes that life gain its object. And I am so thankful to God to-night that I ever knew Mr. Huyler. God bless his family and may his memory ever live in the hearts and souls of those in the Water Street Mission.

MR. JAMES C. EDWARDS: I want to say a word for Mr. Huyler, too. The last time I saw him was in Bleecker Street, the night of the 22nd of April of this year. I met him there in the Florence Mission. We were unveiling a tablet to the memory of C. N.

Crittendon. When we got out on the sidewalk he shook me by the hand and said, "Jim, who will be the next?" Two or three times he made that remark to me. I said, "Well, Brother Huyler, I don't know, that is the Lord's business." He said, "Why don't you come up and see me some time?" I said, "I don't know where to come," and he said, "Come to 18th Street and Irving Place." I thanked him, but I never saw him after that. I knew him the first time he came in here. I was sitting here reading. It is a good many years ago now, but I can tell you that his heart and soul that night went right to the life of every one of the poor fellows here that were "down." I was thinking something—I don't know whether I should bring it up here, or not—I think I will. I believe that John Huyler's memory should be engraved on every one of our hearts here, and not only on our hearts but on our walls, and I make a suggestion that we get up subscriptions for one of those tablets—whether it has been started or not I don't know—so that we can have it here to look at, as we do at those of Brother Hadley and Jerry McAuley and the others. I think it would be a fitting memorial. I want to thank God for this place. I came in here twenty-three years and three months and fifteen nights ago, and while I have not walked the chalk line as I should have done during that time, I am doing the best I can, and that is all I intend to do—I don't mean that, I mean that is all I can do. I recall a conversation I had with Brother Huyler three or four years ago. Mr. Huyler and Mr. Wyburn were talking with me, I think, and some one spoke about the Methodists. And I said, "I want to tell you something, Brother Huyler. I was born and raised a Scotch Presbyterian, and I am going to die that way, with the help of God;" and Mr. Huyler grabbed me by the shoulder and said, "Good for you, Jim." That is the style of man he was. I thank God for such men. There were no "isms" with him. You might be a Catholic, or a Hottentot, or anything else, that made no difference to this man—to him every man was equal. That is one thing I thank God for in this Christian man. I want you to pray for me.

Mr. —————: It has just occurred to me that possibly if Mr.

Huyler had not taken an interest in this man, he might have been lost, not only spiritually, but in a wider sense. It was he that brought him down here to the Mission, and I know that in this way and by this means a good many men are saved, by being brought down here, and cared for until something develops for them the next day. I am grateful for such a man as Mr. Huyler, and I thank God I am privileged to serve the same Jesus Christ whom he served, and I thank God that he is now with our dear Saviour and Master, Jesus Christ.

BROTHER COONEY: I praise God, and thank Him, for the night that I came into this Mission. I was a poor, homeless drunkard—a drunkard for two years and a half. One night I came down here to listen to these men give their testimonies, and I said, "If the Lord can do anything for these men, He ought to be able to do something for me." That night I was standing up and listening to the talk, when I got an invitation from one of the brothers to come up in front, and he asked me to give up my crooked life. I told him that it would be a hard thing for a drunkard like me to do; but I knelt down on the floor that night and asked the Lord to take away the love of drink from me. I had no place to go that night, so the good people here gave me money to get a bed. I went to bed that night; and the next morning I got up and I says to myself, "I gave my heart to God last night down there, and if I make any money to-day I won't drink; I will get something to eat with it and get a bed to-night." And that day I made a half a dollar, and I think I got more with that half dollar than anything I had ever had before. I got a bed and got my breakfast, and the next morning I went out hustling, and I have been hustling ever since. The Lord is our God and Redeemer. He has taken the appetite for drink away from me and saved me. I was a drunkard and I had lost my wife and I had lost all my clothes, my home and everything I had and all my friends. I am getting all my friends back again, and the best friend I have got is Jesus, and I thank the Lord for that.

MR. —————: It has been said to-night that Heaven is not

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very far away. The command in the Word of God is, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." And I think that was the secret of our brother's happiness and his happy life—this gift of bearing the burdens of others. He could look into other men's faces and see what they needed, and then help them out. I was thinking the other morning over quite a number of things, and counting my blessings over one by one, and I never received such a blessing, I believe, as I did on that morning. And I think that it is out of this Mission here and others I have heard speak here that that blessing came—and, as I say, I got to counting my blessings, and we generally count them when we are happy and feel good; but I commenced to count them as I had received them out of the troubles of life and the rough places of life, and the places Jesus had helped me through, and where other people had helped me. So, I think, that was the secret of the happy life, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and I believe that compensation will come into our lives when doing that, as it did into our dear brother's life.

MR. WYBURN: I wish those who have not spoken—the converts, I mean—would all stand up at once, and each one say just a word.

MR. RICHARD LEONARD: I thank God to-night for the life of Brother Huyler. For over three years Mr. Huyler furnished the Thursday night suppers, and I cut up that supper back in the kitchen here for three years—cut up the meat and the bread—and so I know how the boys felt over it. It is four years, eleven months and eight nights since I came in here and heard of the Lord. I had been a drinking man and leading a miserable, sinful kind of a life, when I came forward here and made a full surrender to God and called on Him to have mercy on me, a sinner, and to forget all my past sins. He heard and answered my prayer that very night, and I lost my desire to drink, and I am going to follow Him all the remainder of my life.

MR. CHARLES DUGAN: I knew Brother Huyler for years.

I can see his face now with that smile—that God-like smile on it. When I came into this place I was a terrible drinker. When I got a nickel, I couldn't carry it past one bar-room. I came in here on a Thursday night, and on the Friday morning after coming in here and giving myself to God I got up and went out and I said to myself that I wouldn't take a drink, and I meant it. And that afternoon I made twenty-five cents, and spent it for things I needed.

MR. —————: I thank God for keeping me for the past five years, and giving us such a man as Mr. Huyler to help us.

MR. —————: I thank God for having saved me and kept me for the past seven years, and also for creating men like Mr. Huyler to help us.

MR. WYBURN: We have two converts in front here who have recently gotten up from a sick bed, Brothers Tyler and Leshar.

MR. TYLER: I thank God for Mr. Huyler, and I am glad to say that the "good is not buried with his bones." I was the recipient many times of his bounty in the shape of good healthy sandwiches, and I assure you that they came when I needed them. I have been two years, five months and fourteen days saved from a drunkard's life that I had lived for forty-two years; and I thank God for this.

MR. LESHER: I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John S. Huyler personally. It was, however, through John S. Huyler's influence and advice, and through his associates and trustees and those connected with this Mission that I came in here just one year and a few days ago. I came along into the life of Christianity, after twenty years of riotous living, and coming in here I gave my solemn promise that if God would help me I would eradicate the desire for liquor, and I am going to do so to the best of my ability, for the balance of my life.

MR. —————: I thank God that He saved me from drunkenness and sin four years ago. I never knew Mr. Huyler personally; but for the beds and the sandwiches I have had I have been very thankful.

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MR. —————: I thank God for having directed my steps last Sunday to this Mission where I gave my heart to Christ. Although I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Huyler personally, yet through business associations a number of years ago I knew of him. May God grant that we may have many more such men as he.

MR. —————: I want to thank God for keeping me for fourteen years, and saving me from a life of drunkenness. I ask you, friends, to thank God for such men as Mr. Huyler. I hope I shall meet him in Heaven.

MR. —————: I thank God for saving and keeping me for eleven months and eight days. I thank God for such men as Mr. Huyler.

MR. BARNEY GIBBS: I thank God for another day of health and strength, and I thank God it was my privilege to meet and know John S. Huyler. He has been to me a constant, steadfast friend. There has not been a time—particularly in the last twenty-two years when I became, through his advice and influence, connected with this Mission—that I would not have given my right arm for him and given it gladly, and yet I have failed to do one little simple thing for him that would not have caused me any sacrifice at all, given up this accursed appetite for rum. Yet he has stuck to me longer than any one I know of would have stuck to me. I can't find words to express my gratitude to him. God bless his memory.

MR. —————: I thank God for what He has done for me. He has helped me with good sandwiches and coffee, and taken the curse of drink and swearing from me for two weeks. He has put a new life in me, taken this curse of swearing away from me and has given me a clearer understanding of Mr. Huyler who loved every man, woman and child with whom he came in contact. Thank God from the bottom of my heart.

MR. —————: Thank God for such men as Mr. Huyler. It was one year, eight months and nine days ago when I first came into

this Mission and listened to the testimonies which put a new life into my heart.

MR. ROLLINS: I thank God for having been the recipient of the bounty of this Mission for the past week. I don't say I have been saved, but I know I am being saved, by the power of the Saviour having come to me through this Mission—and through the men in this Mission.

MR. —————: I thank God that for four years I have been saved. This is due to Mr. Huyler, and I praise God for him.

MR. WYBURN: We will have to close this part of the service.

I am going to ask Mrs. Wyburn to speak. I shall never forget the first time I wanted her to go to see Mr. Huyler. She wanted to back out at first, but she came back here with a delightful story of her reception.

ADDRESS: Mrs. John H. Wyburn:

I had quite an unusual experience with Mr. Huyler. I have gone to his office quite a number of times to see him on business, but I had never gone there to get any money from him for any purpose whatever, and I suppose that is a little unusual, as Mr. Jenkins will testify; but it was always in the case of some one in trouble, and I was always impressed, when I came away, with the large heart of Mr. Huyler. I shall never forget one time I went to see him in relation to one of our converts here. There was something he had done in his old life, when he was wandering all over the country as a tramp. After he was converted he was reunited with his wife and two little children, and had a comfortable little home in Brooklyn. Well, this thing that belonged to his old life came up and threatened him with a very severe penalty. At this time the matter was at a standstill, and we were awaiting further developments. Meanwhile, we were hustling around to see what we could do to help our brother. I went to see one of our trustees who is a

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lawyer, and he advised that I see some of the other trustees and get them together to see if they couldn't help, and he specially mentioned Mr. Huyler. I went up to see Mr. Huyler at his office, and told him about this man. He was deeply interested, and he said, "Why, certainly we will help him, we *must* help him," and he further said, "You must let me know if you hear anything further—let me know by 'phone immediately, and I will get in touch with President Taft, and we will get at it," and I am glad to say we got the necessary help. I was much impressed with Mr. Huyler. He did not think any one too small or of too little consequence for him to pay attention to, or do all in his power to help. And each time I have gone to see him in his office about some one in trouble he has just greeted me in that way, and evinced a deep interest and willingness to help.

There is one instance I remember, which showed such a glorious side of his character. There was something special about to happen down here, I don't remember what it was just now, possibly an anniversary of some kind. Anyway, I know we were going to have some notables down, and I said to Mr. Huyler, "We would like so much to have you down, if you can possibly come." And he said, "Well, I will try. I don't know if I can or not, and I don't think I care so much for that kind of a meeting. I'll tell you when I like to come down to Water Street, I like to come down there on a stormy night in the winter time when you have very few visitors, but a lot of poor fellows from the street. That is when I like to come down, and I enjoy the meeting." Now I think that was so like the Master, being willing to help others and anxious to help those who were "down and out." It didn't make so much difference to Mr. Huyler about those who were able to take care of themselves. One, who was in want and needed his help, was the man that appealed to him.

Brother Huyler is not dead, he lives—lives in a far greater sense than he did in this life. And while we shall miss him here—miss his kindly voice over the 'phone, his pleasant visits, his happy smile when we met him—we shall ever cherish his memory.

JOHN S. HUYLER

MR. WYBURN: In addition to the verses that Mr. Plumb read, we have some others that have been written in memory of Mr. Huyler, and I will ask Brother Squires to read them. They are written by a gentleman who was laid up for something like five weeks. He was hit by an automobile, or a truck of some kind, while under the influence of alcohol, and was sent to Bellevue. While there he definitely concluded he would serve Jesus Christ.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN S. HUYLER.

No rhythmic eulogy, nor sculptured stone,
No grand memorial of the true and good,
Are tributes meet for one whom all bemoan,
Who lives in hearts aflame with gratitude.

Some gain the plaudits of the thoughtless crowd,
By gory tracings of a path of fame,
And some by acts munificent that shroud
A selfish motive to enhance a name.

He, whom we mourn, by nobler aims imbued,
Pursued life's journey to the final goal,
With ardent wish to make men true and good,
To ease the troubled heart and save the soul.

The poor inebriate, lacking home and friend,
Despairing, wretched, without faintest ray
Of hope to cheer him on his downward trend,
Revived when this good man had passed his way.

Each scheme promotive of the commonweal,
All worthy means that goodness would inspire,
To his grand nature ever would appeal,
He wished to make men good, to raise them higher.

He bore life's burdens, his allotted cross,
Without a murmur; traveled earth's rough way
With perfect confidence that gain, not loss,
Would still attend him, howe'er dark the day.

Success in life he found in virtue's ways—
God gave him wealth—to those in need he gave.
Kind, sympathetic—how can verbal praise
Express the thoughts of those he helped to save!

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Now resting from his labors, he has won
The heavenly crown, in mansions of the blest,
Where, while eternal years their courses run,
The soul redeemed shall find its final rest.

The promised guerdon his must surely be,
Who helped thrall'd mortals to be free-forgiven.
If, like the stars, effulgent, 'mong the good and free,
You'd share his glory—win recruits for heaven.

—NEIL MCDONALD.

MR. GRAHAM: I remember Brother Huyler away back for twenty-five years, and I am reminded now of what Brother Merritt said about him, that it was his mother's promise that brought him to the Saviour, a mother's faith, a mother's earnest pleading. So, I say to you, dear friends, listen to the pleadings of the mother, and just follow, as Brother Huyler did, in the Spirit of God continually doing good, and yours will be a similar reward which he has in Heaven to-night.

MR. WYBURN: Are there any others who would like to say a word before we close?

MR. —————: The best way to appreciate the beauty of Mr. Huyler's life and character is to follow in his footsteps, to engage in the same work, to be diligent in God's business, and I pray that, if there are any here to-night needing God, the workers will not neglect them, but endeavor to bring them to Christ. That is the work Brother Huyler loved so fondly, and I think the best tribute we can give his memory is to endeavor to bring sinners to Christ.

MR. WYBURN: Now, friends, we are going to close this part of our service, and enter on the part that Mr. Huyler enjoyed more than any other, namely, giving the invitation to those who do not know Jesus Christ as their Saviour. I used to ask him to pray once in a while, and he would get down here, but was never able to pray for long, for his heart used to get up in his throat. He would just say a few words, his eyes melted to tears, but God knew he was anxious for the salvation of the lost men. And there are so many of that kind to-night. Mr. Huyler used to love to get down by the side of a

man. It didn't make any difference about the condition of his clothes or his body—I don't suppose he even noticed that—he loved to look into the face and talk about Jesus to him; and, if he were present in the body here to-night, that is what he would be doing.

Now we are going to pray, and I would like to know who in this room will say, "Pray for me?" What a glorious thing it would be if every unconverted man in this room to-night were to start for Heaven!

I remember the very first night I came into this room and definitely settled the question as to what I would do with Jesus. I had been a mocker at religion, having denied Jesus Christ. There is no question but that I could have been in a pretty good position to-night if I hadn't drunk whiskey. I had a business that was bringing me in a good many thousands of dollars a year, and I threw it all to the winds. There is no other way to come to Jesus Christ than by forsaking sin—not by dabbling in it. It does not take a week or a month or a year, but the very moment a sinner is anxious to forsake sin and turn away from it and give his heart and life to Jesus, that moment he becomes a new man. And I know this from my own experience and from the experience of a good many men who have spoken here to-night—I know that when men are ready to turn away from their old life and give their lives to Jesus they become absolutely new men.

Now we are going to pray, and I would like every one that is in this room to-night that does not know Jesus as his Saviour, to say "Pray for me." Is there any one here who will say, "Pray for me?" If so, I wish you would manifest it by the uplifting of your hand. Say, "Pray for me." Any man who would like an interest in our prayers, just raise your hand and say, "Pray for me."

(At this point the congregation joined in singing Hymn No. 209, "Just as I Am.")

MR. WYBURN: Be seated, friends. Are there any others who would like to be included in our prayers? If so, I wish you would come up and join us here in prayer.

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(Four men came to the front.)

MR. WYBURN: I am very glad, my dear friends, that you have accepted this invitation. I want you to pray for yourselves. We will help you all we can, but you must pray for yourselves. I am going to ask Mrs. Wyburn to lead us in prayer.

MRS. WYBURN: We thank Thee for this service, dear Father. We thank Thee that Jesus came to save the sinner that is lost. We thank Thee for Thy presence here in this room—seeking those who were far away from Thee; and we are thankful for these souls that have answered the call, and pray that they may become better men. We pray that Thou wilt help them to settle this question definitely now. May they look up into Thy face and believe that Jesus loves them, and that Thou art calling to them, “My son, give me thy heart.” May they believe right here and now that the old life can pass away and their lives be changed in the twinkling of an eye—in an instant. Just the moment they resign their will to Thee the work is done. Help them to look up into Thy face just now and say,

“I do believe and now believe
That Jesus died for me,
And through His blood, His precious blood,
I am from sin set free.”

The way of salvation is so easy. It is simply to look at the Crucified One, and be willing to put their trust in Him. Now, dear Father, we know Thou art willing to save them, and better still Thou art willing to keep them. Thou hast given us so many precious promises in Thy Book. Thou hast promised that Thou wilt take our sins and put them behind Thy back and remember them no more from henceforth; and again—as far as the east is from the west, so far wilt Thou remove our transgressions from us. Thou art no respecter of persons, Thou hast saved so many in this room, and Thou art here ready and willing to save again if we are simply willing to trust Thee. Help all of us in this room, dear Father, to be willing to come to Thee always, and to Jesus Christ,

JOHN S. HUYLER

"This Saviour who died our salvation to win,—
This Saviour who knows how to save us from sin."

We pray God to help all in this room just now and seal their redemption right here and now.

Bless all who have attended this service, we pray Thee. "And we pray that Thou wilt bless the memory of our dear Brother Huyler to each one of us. We thank Thee for his life, as we have thanked Thee, over and over again; and we pray Thee, dear Father, that Thou wilt bless all those in whom he was interested—in whom Thou art interested—some of whom have made such wrecks of their lives, and for whom he prayed, for so many years. We bring them again before Thee to-night, and ask that Thou wilt bless them and save them, and that Thou wilt bring them to the realization that they are indeed lost without Thee. May they accept the Saviour whom Brother Huyler served so faithfully, and be willing to follow Him all the days of their lives. We pray, dear Father, that Thou wilt help them that they may be willing to serve Jesus Christ, and to realize that success in this life simply comes from serving Thee, and Oh! may they be willing to follow Thee all the way, looking only to Thee.

We thank Thee for all the testimonies we have heard here to-night, and we pray that Thou wilt bless every one who has testified; and that Thou wilt strengthen them as the days go by that they may learn to put their trust in Thee, and lean upon Thee, and look to Thee for strength. Lead them, we pray Thee, to know that Thou surely canst do this.

Again we ask Thee that Thou wilt save these men who are kneeling here. We pray that Thou wilt help them just now; and, as they go from this room, help them to realize that they are putting their trust in One who is able to keep them from falling, and we will give Thee all the praise, in Jesus' name. Amen.

MR. WYBURN (Praying): Master, we pray that Thou wilt lead these men to Thee. We know that Thou art the Helper of the helpless, that Thou and Thou alone canst save. We thank Thee that

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they have confessed their sins and sought Thy forgiveness. And Thou hast told us that if we ask anything in Thy Name Thou wilt grant our request. Give each one of these men the blessed assurance that Jesus Christ is their risen Saviour, and put Thy Spirit into their hearts and lives. Help this man, O'Keefe, to settle it now, and may grace enter into his whole life. We ask it for Jesus' sake, Amen.

MR. WYBURN: Let us be seated, friends. I would like very much to have just a word from each of you men that have started to serve God to-night. I know it will help you if you will stand up and say just a word.

A CONVERT: I can't speak above a whisper.

MR. WYBURN: Just stand up and speak a word, I think you can do it.

THE CONVERT: My throat hurts me too much.

MR. WYBURN: Just stand up and try it. Just get up and say that you have started to serve Christ to-night. Will you do so? It will help you. Perhaps these other converts would like to say just a word.

THE CONVERT: I don't know what to say, Mr. Wyburn. I know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I am a drinker but not a criminal in any other way—not consciously, at any rate. If any man is eaten with remorse I am. But I approach the throne of God saying with my whole heart—I throw myself at the mercy seat—I will not again touch, taste or handle this accursed stuff.

MR. WYBURN: I wish you would go a little further, and give your heart and life to Jesus.

THE CONVERT: Impurity and everything else burdens my soul.

MR. WYBURN: Do you give your heart to Jesus to-night? Do you mean that, too?

THE CONVERT: Yes, I do.

MR. WYBURN: How about this friend? (Indicating another of the four who came forward.)

ANOTHER CONVERT: I have been a drinker for the past few years, and I feel to-night that there is no one but Christ can help me.

MR. WYBURN: Do you accept His offer of salvation to-night? You do so?

THE CONVERT: Yes.

MR. WYBURN: Now just a word from this man here. (Indicating another of the converts.)

ANOTHER CONVERT: I intend to try to serve Him if I can. I have been drinking for two weeks now—just getting over it—and, if you have been there, any of you fellows, you know how I feel. I intend to stop it if I can.

MR. WYBURN: Well, that is the way I came, with some mental reservation. The night I came in here, I said, "I will test it and find out whether it is true." I couldn't believe that God could help me, but I commenced to test it, to put it to the test, and if I were you I would go a step further even than that. You have the evidence of so many. I was really too much under the influence of liquor to know much of what was going on, and you are not nearly in so bad a condition as I was. If I were you I would give myself to Jesus Christ to-night.

THE CONVERT: Mr. Wyburn, how is it I fall? I go out with the best intentions and don't touch the cursed stuff for ten or twenty days, and then I touch it and afterwards I am in perdition.

MR. WYBURN: My friend, would you like to say something? (Indicating another convert.)

ANOTHER CONVERT: Yes, I would. I have been here before, but to my sorrow I didn't come here as often as I should. I drifted away

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and lost my position, and since then I have also lost my best friend, except the Saviour, and I was too far away to come back. Since then I have gone to the dogs entirely. To-night I am going to start to try to do better. Will you pray for me?

MR. WYBURN: Yes, certainly. I think Mr. Ransom ought to speak before the meeting closes.

MR. RANSOM: I don't know as I can say very much, I am so much affected. Mr. Huyler was my friend for forty years. He was my adviser in business matters. I wandered away from God fifteen years ago, and through his influence I was brought back. I received a letter from Mr. Huyler dated the 24th of last July. I believe that was one of the last letters he had written. He never went to Europe at any time in the last thirty years that I have known him, but that he has written me a letter. We had been companions for years. Some twenty-six years ago I was in trouble about my business partner, and Mr. Huyler and his attorney advised me, and it was agreed upon to hold me down so that I wouldn't do something rash. Mr. Huyler left his family and his business and went to Troy, New York, with me to settle a business difficulty that I had got into. It was a very cold night and there was no fire in the hotel, and we were obliged to take the same bed. He got down on his knees and asked God to help us out of that business difficulty. The conference was to be held the next day. To my astonishment it was settled very peaceably, and I got my money, or the interest in my business. I have with me a good many letters which Mr. Huyler has written me, and a good many more home in my desk. A year ago last summer, Mr. Huyler and I walked through Central Park, hand in hand, as we had done many a time. He asked me what had brought me back, after so many years, to New York—I had wandered around for fifteen years—and I want to say that it is through him I am back; and I promised him a year ago last summer in Central Park that I would devote the rest of my years to the interests of the Water Street Mission. Mr. Wyburn knows that I am down here pretty regularly; and I thank God for

having had the friendship, the companionship, and the kindness of Mr. John S. Huyler.

MR. WYBURN: I don't think this meeting would have been complete without Brother Ransom's little talk to-night. It is the hardest thing in the world to get him on his feet. To-morrow there will be a memorial service at the Calvary M. E. Church, 129th Street and Seventh Avenue, for Mr. John S. Huyler. We shall not have any regular service here to-morrow afternoon. The Mission, however, will be open as usual, as so many people come here on Sunday afternoon, but we won't have any regular service. I specially invite you all to come up to the memorial services. There will be reserved seats, and all you will have to say to the ushers is "Water Street," and they will show you where the Water Street people have been arranged for. The service will be at 3:30 P. M., at 129th Street and Seventh Avenue.

Mr. Robinson celebrates his second anniversary on Tuesday, the 18th.

On Sunday, the 23rd, at 3 P. M., Uncle Ruben Johnson celebrates his twentieth, and in the evening at 7:30 P. M., Matthew Gallagher celebrates his sixth, and Mr. Leshner his first.

Now, as to these friends here (indicating the four converts at the front), I want to impress them with the importance of the step they have taken to-night. I know how you feel, my brothers, because I was once there myself; and I warn you to keep watching and looking to Jesus, asking Him to help you, remembering that He is able and willing to save all that will come unto Him.

Mr. O'Keefe here has, I suppose, been coming here for ten years, and has wandered a long way from the Master. I believe, however, that he has made another start to-night. I wish you would pray for him. He needs our prayers, and I will pray for him myself. He is the weakest man I know of in the presence of a glass of whiskey. It is impossible for him to hold any money—even a dollar or a half a dollar, for any length of time, without spending it for whiskey. And yet he is a man of many parts, as you heard, and can see. Let us pray for him, that God will come into his life. Let us rise and sing

IN MEMORY OF JOHN S. HUYLER

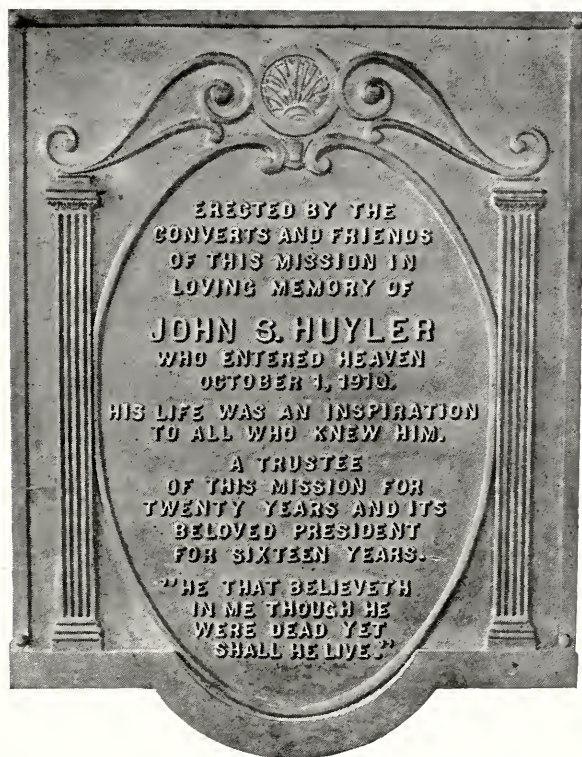
the Doxology. Our annual report is here. If our visitors would like a copy, it is perfectly free. Dr. Devins will dismiss us with the benediction.

DOXOLOGY:

All joined in singing the Doxology.

BENEDICTION: Rev. John P. Devins, D. D.

May the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with us forever, and may the memory of this night abide with us forever, for Jesus' Sake, Amen.



TABLET UNVEILED AT JERRY MCAULEY MISSION, APRIL 21, 1912.

MEMORIAL SERVICE
AT
HADLEY RESCUE HALL

IN MEMORY OF

"Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish 'strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man.

"In haunts and wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

"O Master from the mountainside,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
Oh! tread the city's streets again."

FRANK MASON NORTH.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN HONOR OF

JOHN S. HUYLER

Held Saturday Evening, October twenty-second, 1910

at

HADLEY RESCUE HALL

Two Hundred Ninety-Three Bowery, New York City

The meeting opened with Mr. John Callahan, the Superintendent of the Hall, presiding.

MR. CALLAHAN: We are going to sing the hymns this evening which Mr. Huyler liked to hear when he came here. He liked the old hymns, and he liked some of the new ones that we sing, such as the "Harvest Field." We will begin by singing the hymn No. 110, "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," and every one get a book and turn to the hymn and join heartily in the singing.

Singing:

Sun of my Soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thoughts—how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

IN MEMORY OF

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

MR. CALLAHAN: Now we will bow in prayer with Mr. Tasker. Let every head be bowed and heart uplifted while Mr. Tasker leads us in prayer.

PRAYER: Mr. Fred E. Tasker.

Our Heavenly Father, look upon us at this hour in great mercy. We have gathered here from all of our various places to unite in commemorating the memory of our beloved friend who is now with Thee. Oh, our Father, we thank Thee for his splendid life. We give great thanks to Thee for the fact that he was a lover of men, and that he followed in the footsteps of his Master in going about among men and in doing good. And in this evening's session, as we recall his life and his deeds, may we get new enthusiasm and new inspiration to be more like him, and consequently more like his Master. And may we resolve that in the coming days and months and years we will be more indefatigable and more lively at all times in trying to rescue the perishing. May this evening be a great night in the life of many a poor man who feels that he has been going on the wrong road, but who wants to make a new start in life and find something better. Our Heavenly Father, wilt Thou be present with us in this room to-night and may many souls turn to Thee. We feel that the most fitting memorial of our brave departed brother would be to-night to have a great outpouring of Thy Spirit and many men turning to Thee for their salvation. Bless us while we wait before Thee and finally save us all through the merits of Christ, our Redeemer, Amen.

MR. CALLAHAN: Turn to No. 95, "To the Harvest Field." This is one that Mr. Huyler always loved to hear sung here—No. 95, "To the Harvest Field."

SONG: "To the Harvest Field."

A band of faithful reapers we,
Who gather for eternity
The golden sheaves of ripened grain,
From every valley, hill and plain,
Our song is one the reapers sing
In honor of their Lord and King,
The Master of the harvest wide,
Who for a world of sinners died.

CHORUS.

To the harvest field away,
For the Master calleth;
There is work for all to-day
Ere the darkness falleth.
Swiftly do the moments fly,
Harvest days are going by,
Going, going, going by.

We're a faithful gleanings band,
And labor at our Lord's command,
Unyielding, loyal, tried and true,
For, lo, the reapers are but few.
Behold the waving harvest field,
Abundant with a golden yield,
And hear the Lord of Harvest say
To all—"Go reap for me to-day."

(Chorus.)

The golden hours like moments fly,
And harvest days are passing by;
Then take thy rusty sickle down
And labor for a fadeless crown.
Why will you sit or stand and wait?
Behold, the hour is growing late.
Can you to judgment bring but leaves
While here are waiting golden sheaves?

(Chorus.)

MR. CALLAHAN: Just turn over a page to No. 96, "My Mother's Bible," another of his favorites. I am going to ask Johnnie White, George Rogers and Charlie Kronenberg and Otto Liebner to sing a verse of No. 96. We will all sing on the chorus. Rogers on the first,

IN MEMORY OF

Johnnie White on the second, Sunny Jim on the third, and Otto on the fourth. Everybody on the chorus, No. 96.

SONG: "My Mother's Bible."

There is a dear and precious Book,
Tho' it is worn and faded now,
Which recalls those happy days of long ago,
Then I stood at Mother's knee,
With her hand upon my brow,
And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.

CHORUS:

Blessed Book, precious Book,
On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look,
Thou art sweeter day by day,
As I walk the narrow way,
That leads at last to that bright home above.

As she read the stories o'er,
Of those mighty men of old,
Of Joseph and of Daniel and their trials,
Of little David bold,
Who became a king at last,
Of Satan, with his many wicked wiles.

(Chorus.)

Then she read of Jesus' love,
As He blessed the children dear,
How He suffered, bled and died upon the tree;
Of His heavy load of care—
Then she dried my flowing tears,
With her kisses, as she said it was for me.

(Chorus.)

While those days are past and gone,
That dear memory lingers still;
And the dear old Book each day has been my guide,
And I seek to do His will,
As my mother taught me then,
And ever in my heart his words abide.

(Chorus.)

MR. CALLAHAN: We will now hear Lou Brown and George Rogers sing "Hope Beyond."

Messrs. Brown and Rogers sang the selection indicated.

SCRIPTURE READING:

MR. CALLAHAN: We will read a part of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. (Reading):

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: No man cometh unto the Father but by me.

If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew me the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew me the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also: and greater works than these shall he do: because I go unto my Father.

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And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither, knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

MR. CALLAHAN: Brother Moore is going to sing for us "Face to Face." After he sings this beautiful piece, we are glad to have Brother Huyler's Pastor with us this evening, Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, who will then speak to us. May God bless us.

Mr. Chauncey Moore sang the selection "Face to Face."

ADDRESS: Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D. D.

Dear friends, John Bunyan in his great allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress," tells us of one Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, who was taken with a summons that he must go hence; and he had this as a token that the summons was true, that the pitcher was broken at the fountain. And when the time was come that he must go, and many accompanied him down to the river's brink, into which as he went he said: "My sword I leave to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage. My courage and skill, to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a token that I have fought His battles Who will now be my Rewarder." And as he went down into the river he said: "Oh Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper he cried: "Oh grave, where is thy victory?" So, he passed over, and all the trumpets of God sounded for him on the farther shore.

Now, I should like to write in the name of your friend and mine

and repeat for him this sweet message out of the long ago. I am glad to speak here in this room, because the last time I spoke here I was with him, and it was he who brought me here to speak. He loved to come here. First, he loved John Callahan. He knew what so many of us know, that John's heart rings true. He felt that John was interested to the laying down of his life for the great work God had put into his hands, and he never doubted at all that John would be found faithful unto death. And, then, he loved you. He loved to come here and to look into your faces and to help the man who had hard luck, where things had been up against him, and there did not seem to be much, if any, outlook for him. I have sometimes thought the harder the case, the more he loved the man. He seemed to have a capacity for putting himself in the other fellow's place. He knew just how you felt, because he would say to himself often—often, when we have been together, and often when he has looked out of the window in his beautiful home on a stormy night—instead of turning to say to himself "How nice and comfortable we are in here—we ought to be very happy and thankful here together"—he would press his face against the window pane and would say: "This is a bad night for the boys on the street. What will the poor fellows do who have no place to sleep to-night?" That is the way he felt and that is the reason why he had to call John on the 'phone, and had to fix it so that any poor fellow who had no bed could have one. It was just the cry of his own great heart, because he put himself in the place of the other fellow.

There are a great many of us who see a poor fellow lying out here in the street, the worse for liquor, and we say, "Poor fellow," and we let the cop take him and march him in. But that was not his way. He had to put himself side by side with the man who needed help. There are some men who give money—throw it at you—rather let you have a five dollar bill if you would get out, than to pay a smaller amount and get right up close to you and talk about the things which would help you and lift you up. He gave himself and his money.

What does a man want in this world? Sympathy and brotherli-

ness first of all. You can give me a hundred dollars and give it so that I would feel like kicking you out of the house, or you can give ten cents with so much of tenderness and love that it looks to me like a thousand dollar bill. And that is the way our friend gave his money and himself. I have not said very much about it, but really, boys, this man gave up his life for you. I feel like saying that because I have seen him, as his sons here know, so much better than I do, and this dear wife better than any of us—I have seen him hour after hour with the weaknesses and the sins of men pleading before him, until it fairly took the vitality out of him. I could not stand it, as strong and rugged as I am, to have a succession of that, hour after hour, the tug at your heart to feel these poor fellows needing help, and realizing that the best you can do, you cannot make up for the past. There are graves that were dug too early, there are hearts that were broken and fell into them, and nothing that you can do can ever fix it up.

To be obliged to listen to that hour after hour—there is nothing on earth that will sap one's vitality and take the strength and life out of one like that. The Saviour said Himself when the woman who was in need touched the hem of His garment, that "virtue had gone out of Him." His strength had gone out. Many a man knows what that means as he tries to help those about him who are in need.

There is a little Scotch story that many of you have read, by Ian MacLaren, the story of the Old Doctor. In it is one of the sweetest prayers to be found anywhere out of the Bible. When the Doctor is dying his old friend kneels beside him—they had neither of them been much accustomed to prayer—but the dying Doctor felt that this old friend of his could offer up the kind of a prayer that he would like to hear. And so, with the breath coming fast, his old friend kneels beside him and prays to God: "Dinna be hard on Weelum MacClure, for he has no' been hard wi' anybody in Drumtochty." And when he thought of all the weaknesses and sins of his life, he cried out to God that he might not cast it up against him. That was the spirit of this dear man of God and of the people. He never wanted to throw anything in anybody's face. He never wanted to say, "I told you better

and you did it." He never wanted to say, "You have made your bed and you must lie in it." I never heard him say anything of that sort, and I don't believe there is a man or woman here who ever did. He told everybody there was a chance. He preached a great Gospel. It was no use to tell him that God did not care anything for humble folk, for he read in the Book how when Jesus set up His Valhalla, in which He had the names of the great, he put on the chief pedestal a poor widow with two mites in her hand. It was no use to tell him that God did not care for common ordinary people, or to minister unto them, for he had Jesus with a towel around His loins washing His disciples' feet. It was no use to tell him that God did not care for prodigals, and the wayward, for he read where Jesus painted the picture of a bad boy coming home, and his Father waiting for him long, and would not begin the feast until the prodigal had on the robe, and was seated at the head of the table. That was the kind of a Gospel that sank into his own heart. He remembered the time of his own longing, and he remembered how God satisfied the crying of his soul, and, since he had received so freely from the hand of God, he wanted to share his blessings with others.

I have had him say to me many times when I have asked him to pray for some poor fellow who was even then in his cups: "I would rather have him pray for me; I would just like to have him offer up a prayer in my behalf."

He was loath even to testify in the services for fear that he would seem to be saying a little too much. Oh, how tender he was! There are so many stories I would like to tell you of that tenderness, but I am looking, I have no doubt, men in the face who could tell me some. You know, *you* know! And so, I just simply say, we are gathered here, boys, to-night, all of us as mourners. When shall we ever see his like again? When shall we ever? The man of infinite tenderness, with whom ability and purpose went together!

Some men would like to do and they have not a cent. Some men have a good deal, and they have no purpose to use it. But this man had both. He had the purpose, and God had blessed him with the

means. And, do you know, he felt that really every dollar he had was only put into his hands by God to use for a little time, and he must use it as a good steward.

I have seen him deny himself some things that you and I never dreamed of, and say, by way of reason at the time: "I would just like to feel that I was denying myself a little for the sake of somebody. I can get along without that." I told my people at the church a little incident which illustrates this so well, I think I would like to tell it to you.

He was greatly interested, you know, in winning men to God. There was nothing that pleased him so much as to get somebody converted. So, when I was trying to send out a message in the form of a book that should help people to do that sort of thing, he was greatly interested in it. I read some of the chapters over to him; and I asked him one day if I could dedicate the book to him. "Why, yes," he said, if I wanted to. So I wrote out a dedication. I thought it was a pretty good one. This was the way it read: "To my dear friend, John S. Huyler, a lover of men, and a good steward of the manifold gifts of God." I thought I had drawn it pretty mild. That was about the mildest thing I could say, but I could say the whole of it and crowd a good deal into it. When they sent me the proof he happened to be with me, and I passed over those sheets to him, and I said, "There is something that will perhaps interest you." He opened it, and when he came to the sheet where this simple dedication was, he looked up at me and said: "Doctor, you will have to take that out. I cannot stand for that." He said: "A lover of men, I hope I am, but," he said, "a good steward of the manifold gifts of God, I am afraid I have not been. You will have to take that out."

So, you see how he felt, and I had to take it out, and there in the book now is only this simple inscription: "To my dear friend, John S. Huyler." He would not let me say another word. Now, this man, this great man, has fallen asleep. His work is not over. He has gone on to greater work. Do you suppose that the God who keeps the track of a bird in the slate stone for ten thousand years would

let a life like that be wasted? Do you suppose that the God that treasures a leaf so that after untold thousands of years it has been preserved for you to put in your stove a piece of coal—do you suppose that that God would waste a life like that?

John Huyler was trained in this world to do great exploits in the next, and God has taken him to his coronation and has taken him to his greater work. When his dear wife suggested that to him in the last moments of his life, he said, "I shall be glad to undertake it."

So, boys, what are you going to do now and what am I going to do? We have seen a great example. We have seen John Huyler, and when a man has seen a model, and turns away from it, if he does not follow after it, the condemnation rests hour by hour upon his soul.

God has shown us a great model. Let us be better men, that we may glorify God and pay back a little to his Master for his sake the love we owe to John Huyler. (Murmurs of Amen.)

MR. CALLAHAN: Brother Ed. Smith will sing "I Know Not Why He Loves Me So." Then afterwards Mr. Fred E. Tasker, President of the Methodist Brotherhood, will address us.

SONG: "I Know Not Why He Loves Me."

I stand to-night beside the Cross
On which the Saviour died for me;
And all earth's gain I count but loss,
While Jesus, crucified, I see.

CHORUS:

I know not why He loves me so;
I know not why; I know not why,
But this I know, it was for me,
He suffer'd death on Calvary.

Upon the Cross He bore the shame,
Which on my heart so heavy lay.
Of all my guilt He took the blame,
He paid the debt, I could not pay.

(Chorus.)

IN MEMORY OF

With broken heart I now draw nigh,
Before the Cross I fall and weep,
In faith, "He died for me," I cry,
I hide my soul in love, so deep.

(Chorus.)

ADDRESS: Mr. Fred E. Tasker.

My dear friends, why is it that we loved Brother Huyler so much? Why is it that we gather together in all parts of the city to pay honor to his memory? Not merely because he was a distinguished man in the community. Other distinguished men have died, and we have not been at their funerals, or at their memorial services. Not because he was a man of large means, which he gave liberally. Other men have lavished of their wealth upon great enterprises in which we were interested, and yet we were not particularly interested in those men. There is something unique and personal about Brother Huyler. We loved him because he exemplified in his life the great lesson of personal service.

Dr. Goodell in that most beautiful tribute which he has just paid has laid special emphasis upon this point, but I cannot refrain from calling attention to it again, because it seems to me such a conspicuous characteristic of this great life. Brother Huyler loved men; and he was always showing that love in everything that he did. It was the touch of human sympathy with you and with me that made our hearts go out in response to that touch. We loved him, and we love him, and we always shall; and as the years go on we shall miss him more and more for what he was to us while he lived.

Cannot we take this great lesson, then, right home to ourselves—the lesson of service? And, following his example, cannot we try to serve other men? It is not enough to give a little money; it is not enough to be identified with some cause, but we must be with the people and with the men and with the enterprise, giving ourselves. That was what he did.

There are some lines that have been written somewhere that I do not imagine I can quote, but they run something like this:

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare,
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

That was the way that Brother Huyler lived, giving himself with everything else that he gave; and so we love him to-day.

There is another great lesson I think we ought to take to ourselves, and we ought to act upon. As we commemorate his life, we ought to resolve among ourselves that we will be like him as far as we can, and that we will decide anew to help along those enterprises in which he was so deeply interested. You will recall the short address which Lincoln made at Gettysburg, when the cemetery was dedicated there, near the close of the war. You know there were two addresses on that occasion, one by the great Edward Everett, an hour and a half in length, which nobody recalls, nobody remembers; and then those few lines which Lincoln uttered, apparently upon the spur of the moment, but which were so full of human sympathy and so deep in their meaning and so true to life, and which made such an appeal to the hearts of those who heard him, that they will always live and can never die, and you remember how those lines ran. When Lincoln referred to the fact that these men had died and were buried in that cemetery, he said: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain."

Cannot we have to-night something of the same spirit and something of the same feeling which Lincoln gave to his hearers at that time? The battle was still on then. There were still great victories to win and great things to do. He stirred them up to a new activity and a new devotion by those ringing words of his. And it seems to me, men, that here to-night in this old Hall, where so many men have started to live a new life, in this Hall where Brother Huyler came so often, and where he sat and where he spoke to us and where he prayed for us—this place which was so dear to him, where he exhibited his love in so many ways, where we have seen him by the side of some

IN MEMORY OF

man trying to point that man along the better life—cannot we to-night, men, in the spirit of Lincoln dedicate ourselves anew to the unfinished tasks to which Brother Huyler was so strongly and so liberally devoted, and cannot we resolve that we will have an increased devotion to these causes for which he was willing to lay down his life, and to show his full, large and liberal share of devotion?

Oh, if we can do that, we will do the thing which, if he were here, he would ask us to do. If he were upon this platform to-night and could speak to us, I do not believe he would give us any more thrilling message than that we should engage ourselves unceasingly at all times throughout the future in bringing men in here and in trying to save men, in lifting up the Gospel before men, and in showing them the way of their redemption. Men, let us do it, for the sake of our dear departed brother. (Murmurs of Amen.)

MR. CALLAHAN: Shall we turn now to No. 155, which was one of Mr. Huyler's favorites—"Look all around you, find some one in need, help somebody to-day. Tho' it be little—a neighborly deed—help somebody to-day." Just two verses of his hymn, and then we are going to throw the meeting open for about fifteen minutes, before we hear from Dr. North and Dr. MacRossie. We could spend this whole night in this service. After we sing two verses, let us see how many we can hear from in the next fifteen minutes, right to the point.

SONG: "Help Somebody To-day."

Look all around you, find some one in need,
Help somebody to-day.
Tho' it be little—a neighborly deed—
Help somebody to-day.

CHORUS:

Help somebody to-day,
Somebody along life's way.
Let sorrow be ended—the friendless befriended,
Oh, help somebody to-day.

Many are waiting a kind, loving word,
Help somebody to-day.
Thou hast a message, oh, let it be heard,
Help somebody to-day.

(Chorus.)

MR. CALLAHAN: We will sing the remaining two verses later.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIES WERE THEN GIVEN

I want to thank God for the time I came in here seventeen months ago this month, a hopeless wreck, and I thank God I found then something which the world cannot give nor take away. I thank God for this. That night I came in here I was fit for the alcoholic ward. I was just out of a debauch. I wandered down to First Street and I saw Sunny Jim, and I saw the wonderful change in his life. I knew something had happened when I saw Sunny Jim at this house. That night I came forward and called upon God to have mercy upon me a sinner in that darkest hour, and He did, and to-night I am happy and contented. I am standing to-night on the Solid Rock, Christ Jesus, and no good thing is withholden from me. That was a long time ago—I am nearly forty-one now. I thank God for this place, Brother John and his dear wife, and the Bible class. I was brought up in a good Christian home in Glasgow, Scotland, and had good business opportunities before me, but I wanted to serve the Devil, and I served him well. The people were glad to get rid of me. They had to send me over to this country to get me out of their sight. I disgraced them time and again. But I do thank and praise God to-night for helping me to turn from a life of sin and drunkenness. I thank God for it, my brothers. Get in line, boys, along with us to-night.

(Singing of chorus of "Help Somebody To-day.")

I want to thank God I am here to-night. I thank God for the memory of our good brother. Four years ago next February I came in here one Saturday night. I wanted a cup of coffee and a sandwich,

and I saw a couple of men standing out in this hall, and I asked them what was the matter, and they told me there was coffee and sandwiches given out. I was hungry, homeless and friendless—I came in here after standing in that line out there from half-past four until about seven o'clock, and I got over there in the third row of seats. I didn't want no Jesus Christ, but I wanted a cup of coffee and a sandwich and I got them. I came in here and I was footsore and tired. It was a worse night than what it is to-night. For three weeks before this I had been hanging around Herald Square. Some of you know those pillars up there. I was trying to find rest, but there was no rest for the wicked. I came in here and I was sitting over here (indicating) and I was footsore and tired and I commenced to feel sleepy. There was a good man walking up and down the aisle that night, however, who kept me awake. I thank God for that man to-night. Well, that man didn't let me sleep, he kept me awake to hear the testimonies of the redeemed men, and I thank God for that night—while I did not believe it—there was an awakening in my soul, and I thank God that I came to Jesus Christ. I thank God to-night for those open doors. When I was not able to get in any other place, when I was not fit to go in the commonest saloon, or sit in the back part of the commonest saloon, I could come in those doors, and I thank God for the open doors and the good people that make it possible for those doors to be kept open. I was a wreck physically, financially and every other way. Nobody had any use for me. All the doors were closed to me in New York, where my loved ones—yes, sisters and everybody else—were. I thank God for the open doors and I thank God for the testimonies that were given, and for that man that kept me awake. When I came back in June, 1907, I was worse that night than I had been before, because I came in drunk. And I thank God that drunken men are allowed to come in this place, and I want to tell you, brothers, that drunk as I was I knelt down on the floor and asked God for Christ's sake to forgive me my sins and give me back the love of my sisters. Now I am trusting in my Saviour, Jesus Christ. I want to thank you for the helping hand I got here. I thank God for the kind word and the

helping hand that night. I got a bed ticket that night, which brought me down to the Delavan Lodging House, 143 Bowery. I got a meal ticket, and I thank God for that meal ticket. I have never needed another meal or bed ticket for myself. I got a job the next day. It wasn't a big job, only fifty cents, but that fifty cents put a roof over my head, and He has kept a roof over my head ever since.

I am not homeless to-night, and I have got something that God only can take away from me, and He won't do it if I trust in Him. I have got peace and happiness. There are two sisters over in the city of Brooklyn, nieces and nephews and other people over in New Jersey; they are happy to-night because this poor old soul cried out unto Christ. When I came here there was another brother on the way, and I thank God that that brother is supporting his family to-night, that brother has money and that brother is doing his work for his employer; and I want to tell you men I thank God for the result of this place. I want to tell you there is one message that our departed brother left here. I will never forget it. That message was here in this room, one night that Brother Callahan was alone. Brother Huyler was here, and Mr. Callahan asked him to say something. He commenced to talk about Brother John throwing a bouquet of flowers. He asked Brother Huyler to say a few words, and he said he would. These are the words he said: "Men," he says, "Brother John is just talking about my giving. My giving isn't going to be of any use if you don't help me. For you have got the experience, I have not got it. I have got something that can help you to-night, but, men, you have got the experience, and if you will help Brother John I can help Brother John, and Brother John can help the other fellow, and so can you, and God help you," he says, "to-night to do it." And I am praying God to-night that it may be my entire life—what I can do for my fellow-man. I have not got much financially, but what I have got I praise God for. I have got something to-night that the grace of God only could give to me, which is peace and joy, and it is just for the asking and walking up and making a start. This is not alone a memorial service to John S. Huyler, but also for our blessed Saviour,

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Jesus Christ. And I want to tell you if others take Him here to-night there will be a double rejoicing, because our departed brother will rejoice, too. God help you to stand up to-night and take Jesus the same as I did. And I want to tell you that what He did for me He will do for you.

(Singing of Chorus of "Help Somebody To-Day.")

I want to thank God to-night for these open doors. I want to thank God for the memory of Brother Huyler. I did not know that he was such a good friend to me until the last few months I found it out. When I came in here over three years and one month ago, I was one of the worst drunkards in New York City. I should have known better. I had been brought up in a good Christian home on the other side of the water, in the city of London. Good people gave me good training in the Christian life, but I had to be sent away from home because I was a drunkard and was very dishonest and brought disgrace upon my people and they had to send me away to America, some seventeen years ago. I landed here. My people thought by getting away from evil companions and getting to America I would become a better boy, but instead of that I landed in New York, associated with a gang of men on the west side of this city, and I became a worse man than I ever was in my life. I drank heavily, done more dirty work than I ever did, and know what it is to be up and down. I have business people in this city, my own relations, who helped me time and again, to set me on my feet, but I always done them dirty, and I spent all that I could get in drink and gambling, until the night I came down here, broken-hearted, drunk, discouraged, had no place to turn, did not even have a bed to go to.

I came in this hall, I listened to the singing and the testimonials that the men gave, and I thought what God could do for them He could do for me. And that motto on the wall—"How long since you wrote to Mother?" I was in this country just about fourteen years at that time and my mother only received one letter, telling I landed safe, and since then I never wrote a letter home.

I secured a position in Huyler's factory on a Saturday morning, but I did not receive no pay, as the time is made up on Fridays. I was without a cent—had the new job, but I did not have a cent. That is why I am thanking God for our brother and friend, John Callahan. I came in here and I told him that I had started to work, but I was up against it, would he help me out. He says: "Well, I will take a chance with you. I will see that you get enough to eat and a bed to sleep every night." Well, I took him at his word, and on Sunday night I came in here and I surrendered myself to God.

To-night it is three years and one month, exact—the 22nd of September, 1907—and since then I worked in that factory every day. Since God has blessed me I have raised up in that factory from porter to a good position to-night on the eighth floor. I work honestly. I have been faithful, I have been sober, and have not put my foot inside of a gin-mill in that length of time; and God has been so good to me that I never wanted for a dollar since. He gave me a good home, good friends, he brought me back to my people again, and that is why I say that I owe my change of life to Mr. John S. Huyler for the helping hand that I received here, and I cannot forget it. One good turn deserves another. That is my motto.

You have seen my life here the last three years, you know what it has been. I pray God that I may be of some use in the service, more than I have been in the past. And I also want to thank the members of the family here for the coffee and sandwiches that are given the boys on Saturday night. I have waited on the boys winter after winter, and received many a good word from the boys thanking me for giving the coffee and sandwiches, and I have also gone in the little room amongst the waiters and taken a cup of coffee and sandwich myself, and I tell you, boys, it is the best that money can buy. (Murmurs of approval.) I want to thank God for the works of John Huyler. I know he is receiving his reward in Heaven, for the works you do down here will be paid when you get beyond. It does pay to serve the Lord, Jesus Christ. That is why I am thanking God, my life is completely changed. I am honest and sober, and respected

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by all my people. My mother died two years before I was converted, and I never knew a moment of her sickness. I only found it out after I got converted. I think that I had broken her heart—crying for me night after night, not knowing whether I was dead or alive or what became of me in this strange country. I think I have drove my mother to an earlier grave, but I want to thank God that mother's prayers were answered and she knows that her boy is serving Him to-night and trying to do his best to help others to come to the Lord.

May God bless you, boys. Come and give yourselves to the Lord, Jesus Christ, in prayer, and you will find it does pay to serve the Lord Jesus.

SONG: "Tell Mother I'll Be There."

When I was but a little child, how well I recollect
How I would grieve my mother with my folly and neglect;
And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her tender care,
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there.

CHORUS:

Tell mother I'll be there in answer to her pray'r,
This message, blessed Saviour, to her bear!
Tell mother I'll be there, heav'n's joys with her to share,
Yes, tell my darling mother I'll be there.

Though I was often wayward, she was always kind and good,
So patient, gentle, loving, when I acted rough and rude;
My childhood griefs and trials she would gladly with me share;
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there.

When I became a prodigal, and left the old roof-tree,
She almost broke her loving heart, in mourning after me,
And day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care;
O Saviour, tell my mother I'll be there.

I thank God for this man. I am here in answer to mother's prayers. I was brought up in Edinburgh, Scotland, in a Christian home. I was the black sheep of the family. First I commenced to steal and next to drink. There was a time when I stayed home with the rest. I remember mother. She used to tell me about Jesus. I used to read at the fireside at night, and she used to tell us about Jesus,

but the time came when I did not pay any attention. I wanted my own way. When all the rest were in I used to stay out late at night and mother was down looking for me. There was a time I had to leave. Mother sent me over here, gave me good clothes, and I wanted for no good thing. She thought it was the old companions.

And I landed here and I got away from the influences of a Christian home and I went headlong into drink. I am sorry for all this, but I was slipping. I was even in the alcoholic ward, picked up off the streets many a time. I was sorry. I even went behind the bars. I wanted nothing but whiskey.

I was married to this good woman sitting beside me over ten years—she thought she could make a man of me. I was a worse drunkard after I got married than I was before I left home. We were separated a little over six times in a little over ten years. I thank God for this place. A little over four years ago I came down to the Bowery just after getting turned out of the workhouse, hopeless, away from home. I came down and saw that sign, and I thank God I came in. I was weary and worn and sad, and I found in Jesus a resting-place. Thank God, I am happy to-night, because Jesus made me glad. I got a bed ticket that night. I came forward and heard the testimonies, and I put up my hand for prayers and I came forward. I got a bed ticket, I got meal tickets, I got sandwiches and coffee—praise God for them—and I got clothes. And I prayed for a job and the job came. I was going to get right with the loved ones, and my little home is upstairs to-night.

Away over in Edinburgh, Scotland, there is a happy old mother. Mr. Tasker has seen my mother and he knows that I have got a happy old mother. There is another woman, Miss White, the Bible school teacher, who was also over there, and came back and told me the same thing. To know that I took Jesus made my mother happy. A man gets right with God, he gets right with the loved ones. All I have I got from Jesus.

I, too, would like to pay a tribute to the one who did so much

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toward keeping this place open for a man who has neglected himself so that he is fit for no other place. I came in here four years ago the 15th of this month, and I was in about as bad shape as one man could be. I was separated from my folks, separated from home. I was just willing to give it all up. I thought that I was worth more dead than I was alive, and I guess that I was. But through the influence of that man on the platform—God bless you, John Callahan—he did not give me any love feast, he did not take me in his arms and coddle me, but he talked to me about as straight and square as any one could to another. I was trying to make excuses for myself, and he handed me a little book, “Without Excuse,” and I found out that a man to be square had to come right out and stand on his own platform. I am glad to-night for this place, and I am glad for the influence it had upon me four years ago—an influence over my life which has always been good.

I am glad that after forty-four years of sin, dissipation and drink, thirteen of which were under lock and key, I am glad to-night that I am in the saving knowledge of the power of Jesus Christ, and I want you to pray for me that I may be faithful unto the end.

MR. CALLAHAN: Third verse of hymn No. 155.

(Singing third verse of “Help Somebody To-day,” with chorus.)

Many have burdens too heavy to bear,
Help somebody to-day!
Grief is the portion of some ev’rywhere,
Help somebody to-day!

CHORUS:

Help somebody to-day,
Somebody along life’s way;
Let sorrow be ended,
The friendless befriended,
Oh, help somebody to-day!

I thank God for this blessed place. I thank God for the memory of Mr. Huyler. I know that if it had not been for the helping hand

that was extended to me when I came into this place, I would be probably behind prison bars to-day, and my wife would be broken-hearted, and I also know that my dear old mother would be heart-broken, who I know is praising God for this place and for the kind friends who make it possible for men such as I have been, and my brothers who have testified here, to come into this place, homeless and friendless, and find such friends as Mr. Huyler was. It was on the 20th day of May, 1904, when my brother came into this place, a bum and a hobo. A man who had been a saloon-keeper and a gambler came into this place to rest and heard the testimonies. He found Jesus Christ and he found something which the world could not give. That man was my own brother, who wrote me a letter telling me the wonderful story of how Jesus came into his life, and how he was being blessed. I laughed at the story, because I did not believe that any divine power or any power on the face of the earth could ever save that man's life. My wife got a letter from him in Cleveland, Ohio.

I thought it was a forerunner for a letter asking for money. The second letter never came. I thank God that when I received that letter and read it I was myself under conviction (of sin). I also had left my home, and I had sacrificed everything that was near and dear to me just for sin. I had lost my friends. No one wanted anything to do with me. There I was in Cleveland, Ohio, thinking that every day detectives were looking for me, for I had passed a number of worthless checks and sent out some bad paper. But I thank God for the letter I had received, for it never left my memory, and I thank God that I came on and entered this place.

I sat in the last seat. I came three nights. The first night I listened to the wonderful testimonies of the men here; I laughed at them. The second night the tears rolled down my cheeks, and I thank God for the third night. I thank God for the kind woman who came down and asked me if I would not come to the Lord Jesus, and I thank God I did. Thank God for that night, for Jesus forgave me. God has most wonderfully blessed me, far beyond my deserts.

The dear wife that I loved, God saw fit to send her on here. We

lived in an attic down in Vandam Street, but it is different now. I have got just as nice a home as any man wants. I have got friends by the hundred. God has been helping us to pay off those worthless checks, and I want to say to-night that I am happy—happy because Jesus is in my heart, happy because my wife is happy. And I thank God that my dear old mother is happy. She has been here and testified from that platform. Thank God it is five years and eight months, in that aisle, God for Jesus' sake forgave me my sins, and I can never praise God enough for this place, for the friends, for dear Brother John. God bless you, boys. Come to-night and give your hearts to Jesus and let Him do for you what you have been unable to do for yourselves.

I should feel very ungrateful if I did not say a word to-night to show my gratitude to God and the memory of Mr. Huyler. It is six years, one month and three nights ago that God came into my life in such a way that there was a power that I could put away the old sins that had been in my life for so many years. There is not a man in this room that needed the grace of God in his heart worse than I did. But I was willing to give up my own stubborn will and ask God for Jesus Christ to put the power in my life that I could say no to the old sins that had been ruining my life. I thank Him for keeping me for six years, one month and three nights. I am very glad that I worked for Mr. Huyler for ten years— very close to ten years it is this coming spring. No one could go to Mr. Huyler with a need of any kind but what his heart was always ready to help. But back of all of the money help was the question, could he help that man's soul. Every now and then he would come around and say: "Well, John, how is the family, how is the wife and the little children?" Then the very next question would be: "How close are you to Jesus?" And, oh, it was such a strength to have such a man. A man asked me a couple of days after Mr. Huyler went to rest—he says: "Berry, how do you feel, any way?" I says: "I feel as if I have lost something, I cannot just say what." And he said that there are a great many

that are just in the same way. They will only feel this loss just as the occasion arises, when we needed his love, his strength and his sympathy. I thank God that I ever knew Mr. Huyler.

I want to thank God for Mr. Huyler's life. For three years, or very nearly, he has had a wonderful influence upon me. I have watched Mr. Huyler, knew he was a man of affairs; and I have seen his heart shine right out of his eyes as he talked to the poor ragged fellows. I came here despondent and came up and asked God to save me. He put his arm around my neck, and I thought to myself: "What wonderful kindness! What tender love!" It appealed to me particularly because I had never experienced any kindness in my life, and the life that I had lived for some twelve or fourteen years had been a harsh one, and I was not especially accustomed to such demonstrations of kindness and humility. Since I have known him and have thought of him, I have said to myself: "Why should you worry about your trifling affairs, petty things? Look at Mr. Huyler." I have thought of his great generosity and of his wonderful Christlikeness, and I have compared myself to him very unfavorably, and have tried because of his life, because of the good that radiated from him, to be a better man. God bless the memory of Mr. Huyler. (Murmurs of "Amen".) While one shall live, the influence of his life, the influence that he exerted, shall not die. It will be three years ago next Wednesday night I came in here. I was discouraged and I was battered up, had a black eye and a split lip. That is the reason I was down the Bowery. I came down there to hide myself in the lower part of the city. I realized that I was battered, and I intended to leave the city that night and never to return.

I had been absent from it for fourteen years and wandered all over the country, on the tops of trains and underneath, and on the front. As my Brother Mills over there said—and it is a humiliating thing to admit—some of that time was spent under lock and key, and all because of sin. I was looking for peace all the time, traveling thousands of miles to find it and never found it until I came into this

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place, which I understand was planned largely through the instrumentality of Mr. Huyler. I sat in the back seat right in the center. I heard Brother John; I heard the wonderful story he told that night. I heard that a man who had done time could, if he trusted Jesus Christ, be re-established. I heard Brother John tell that wonderful story of his that night, and I was wonderfully impressed. God bless you, John Callahan!

He came down there and asked me to come up that night. I walked up the aisle, and I said: "Bill, you will surely take a drink"—I had the money to do it with, but I didn't. I asked God to make me honest, truthful and sober. He sent me out of here before the benediction was pronounced, with the assurance that what I asked for had been given me. He has taken me under the shadow of His wing, He has upheld me with the right hand of His righteousness, and has dealt with me far more bountifully than I deserve. There is not one of you here whose face is as battered as mine was that night, and none of you who is as heartsick as I was.

MR. CALLAHAN: After Lou Brown and George Rogers sing, then we will hear from Rev. Dr. Allan MacRossie of St. James Methodist Episcopal Church.

Messrs. Brown and Rogers sang the selection entitled "Sometime, Somewhere."

SONG: "Sometime, Somewhere."

Unanswered yet?
The pray'r your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your pray'r;
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere,
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet?
Tho' when you first presented

This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known.
Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere,
The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet?
Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your pray'r was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun,
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet?
Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storm pray'r stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock;
She knows Omnipotence has heard her pray'r,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere,"
And cries "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

ADDRESS: Rev. Allan MacRossie, D. D.

Is this still a testimony meeting? All right, if I can give an experience and let Dr. North do all the exhorting, it will be easier for me. I want to tell you how I first met Mr. Huyler. It was some eighteen years ago when I was pastor of a church in Mamaroneck. One Sunday morning I was preaching on the parable of the Good Samaritan. I did not know Mr. Huyler. At the close of the service it was the custom there for the pastor to go out under the trees to meet the congregation, and when I went out a man came up to me so quietly and in such an unassuming manner that I really did not think he was any one more than just an ordinary man. He was a stranger to me. He said, "I rather enjoyed that sermon this morning, and it may be possible that you would like to be a Good Samaritan this week and live up to that sermon, and this may help you." And he slipped two ten dollar bills into my hand.

I was not accustomed to that kind of a man. I almost fell in

a dead faint right there and then. (Laughter.) I went around and said to the men, "Who was that man?" They did not know. He came so quietly and in such an unassuming way. Well, that was a pretty good thing to say to a young minister, a pretty good thing—and you know he really taught me more about that parable of the Good Samaritan than all the books I had read about it up to that hour.

The next year he came to Mamaroneck again. Of course that time I knew him as a friend. He had not talked with me much about the Water Street Mission, but one Sunday he came to me and said: "Would you like to have some of my friends come and warm up your prayer meeting?" Well, the prayer meeting would stand warming up; it was not a prayer meeting like this. I said, "Yes." He said, "All right, a week from Wednesday evening I shall come and bring my friends." I said to my wife: "Mr. Huyler is going to bring twelve of his friends to the prayer meeting a week from Wednesday night. The prayer meeting closes about nine, and there is no train until half past eleven. We will have to do something rather nice for those friends of Mr. Huyler. What do you think?" She was always given to hospitality, and she thought, I suppose, we were to entertain angels unawares. She did not know the kind of angels that were coming. Then Mr. Huyler told me he was going to bring twelve of his friends from the Water Street Mission. I had not met any of his friends up to that time, and I said to my wife: "Now what about that little social time we were going to have in the parsonage afterwards? Mr. Huyler's friends are coming from the Water Street Mission." She said, "All the better."

We had that prayer meeting, and old Mamaroneck was shaken that night as it had not been in a good many years. Then we went into the house. In the house at the head of the table was my wife, next to her was Mr. Huyler, then his twelve friends, and then the pastor of the church. Now, we have had a good many people in our home for dinner or supper, but I confess to you that was one of the most enjoyable evenings we ever had, and was about the jolliest crowd I ever saw at supper. When Mr. Huyler came around where I was he

said, "Would you like to have another meeting?" I said, "All right," so he started the meeting, which lasted about an hour in the parsonage! It was a new kind to me. I had never seen anything like it before. It was the beginning of a new day.

He said to me in the fall: "I wish you would come down and take dinner with me some Saturday evening." I gladly accepted his invitation. When I reached New York he met me and started off with me, and we wound up down in Water Street (Laughter), and the dinner I had that night was a sandwich and a cup of coffee. (Applause and laughter.) Well, that was good enough for me under the circumstances. Then Brother Hadley asked me to say something to the men. I confess my knees knocked together as they never did before. All my sermons seemed to have taken wings. I could not get hold of one of them.

What do you suppose I did? I remembered what the men did in Mamaroneck that night. They gave their experiences, and I stood up and gave mine. Really, the way Mr. Huyler greeted me after it was over, I think he liked my experience better than any one of the sermons he had heard me preach.

Well, two or three years ago I was asked to take dinner at one of the finest hotels in the city. Mr. Huyler was there, and was seeking to interest the men present in a very blessed work. Before the dinner was over, he slipped around to where I was seated and said: "How are you enjoying yourself?" I said: "Very much indeed, a very good dinner." He replied, "We are not having quite as good a time as we had in your parsonage in Mamaroneck sixteen years ago, are we?" Now, what do you think of that? This is how I came to know Mr. Huyler, how I met him, how I first met his friends, and how I was introduced to the work that was so dear to his heart.

I notice you are talking about the helping hand so much to-night, and singing about it, and Brother John is always speaking about it. You know I had a picture come before me as clearly as ever I saw a picture in my life. Once there were two men at the beautiful gate of the temple, they did not have any silver and gold—Mr. Huyler had,

but they had not—and there was a man there who could not go in. He was a poor lame fellow, and he asked them for silver and gold, and one of them said he did not have silver and gold, but said: “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth arise up and walk,” and do you know what he did? He took him by the right hand, he lifted him up, and then it says: “He held him by the right hand.” And do you know, when I was looking to-night, I saw Peter and that lame man holding each other by the right hand, and I confess to you I could hardly tell which was Peter and which was the man who was holding him, because now they were brothers.

As I was thinking of that and remembered how much Mr. Huyler gave of his substance, I forgot all about the money he had given, and I really saw his face. And what a happy face it was! So kind, wasn't it? So kind! Why the lovely morning sunshine was always in his face, wasn't it? (Murmurs of Amen.)

I just saw him holding you and me by the right hand. That was John Huyler. Holding us by the right hand! And then I saw him going with men into that beautiful gate of the Temple, and they were leaning hard on him, and that is the picture I saw. Our blessed Master is here to-night, his Master, your Master and mine. And some of us possibly are crippled, and He has come to take us by the right hand, and to lift us up, and to hold us by the right hand and to let us hold him until he takes us through the beautiful gate into the Temple of Life. Oh, what gladness it brought to our brother when he saw it done here, and it would not surprise me if it brought great rejoicing in Heaven where he is, if he could see it done again.

MR. CALLAHAN: We will now sing the last verse of Hymn No. 155; then we will hear from Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, Corresponding Secretary of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, and one of the best friends our beloved Hadley Rescue Hall has ever had.

Some are discouraged and weary in heart,
Help somebody to-day.
Someone the journey to Heaven should start,
Help somebody to-day.

JOHN S. HUYLER

CHORUS:

Help somebody to-day,
Somebody along life's way.
Let sorrow be ended—the friendless befriended,
Oh, help somebody to-day.

ADDRESS: Rev. F. Mason North, D. D.

It seems almost as though everything has been said which heart could say or which tongue could speak in loving praise of this great good man. I for one find it very hard to talk about him, very hard to talk about him in public. I can sit down beside one of his friends or in my home and talk about him, but to set him out as though he were a subject for my description or for my discussion or for my analysis, that is very hard for me to do. I think I never had a harder task, in all a pretty long experience, than I had last Sunday afternoon, trying to say something about my friend. Now, it is not quite so here, because we are all in very close and intimate relations in our thought of him in this place.

But as I am a little confused, because there are so many who are not here; perhaps alone of those who are here, I remember the first inspection of this room. This room was all cluttered up with all sorts of old truck when we first came into it. New partitions have been put in since then, and changes were made. But Samuel W. Bowne, and John S. Huyler, and Samuel H. Hadley, and one or two others and myself came into this old room those years ago to see whether this was the place where his dream and Samuel Hadley's dream and my dream—for we were all dreaming the same kind of a dream—where those dreams should be fulfilled, and we should have a great central rescue mission on the Bowery.

Mr. Bowne thought it would not do. He said: "It lies too far back from the street; you would never get anybody to come through that long hall." Mr. Huyler looked around, and thought he saw some ways in which the thing might be fixed up. Mr. Hadley said: "We will get them here if we have this place; they will come." And you know

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what happened. We took the place, fixed it up and began our work, and that now is six years and a half ago.

But Sam Hadley is not here, and Samuel W. Bowne is lying ill in his own home, and John Huyler is not here. You do not wonder, do you, that I am a little confused? I am wondering where they are, those who have gone out of our sight.

I have been charged now and then with being a bit of a mystic, with having a rather undue sensitiveness for a man of hard practical businesslike qualities, as I am supposed to have, with very little heart, and just a sort of a straight-away effort to try to make things go. I have been charged with being a bit of a mystic. I think perhaps I am. You know, I think the sole relationship between that man and those who are near to him was far different from the intellectual sympathy or the social adjustment that brought people close to him. There was something that never can be defined in this world, and it will be, I think, the greatest revelation that can come to a spirit in the world to come—that which holds one soul to another and brings those souls into relation with Jesus Christ.

Now, he was profoundly interested in every kind of people. Once in a while I have dined with him, too, in those same fine hotels of which Dr. MacRossie spoke, and he has been always interested in the kind of people he met there. I have been profoundly moved, sometimes, to see how utterly hospitable he was to every type of character, and how interested in every kind of a man. He might be a judge, he might be a lawyer who was not a judge, he might be a great manufacturer, he might be some magnate, or some other kind of character. He was interested in them all, but he was just as much interested, and I think a little more so, in my little Italian kindergarten folk up here. I think some of you saw him in that group of four, five or six hundred children in the great room upstairs one night not so long before he went abroad in May: how his heart was stirred with emotion as he looked upon those children. He was stirred by every kind of a human need. He was one of the most human men I ever knew in his sympathy and in his interests, and it was a joy to get close to him.

A good many years ago I had the great joy of traveling with him for several weeks on the other side of the water, and I remember vividly how his interest took him where the poor, and the suffering, and the wretched and the lowly folk were. I happened to know a little about where those folk over there were to be found in Paris and in London and in Manchester, and we had for our occupation a good part of our time the hunting up of the kind of people who came into the McCall Missions or in the East End of London, and fine old martyred Peter Thompson's great Soho, and in many another place; and the kind of people he cared for was that kind over there across the sea.

Now, for my own part, I am grateful that I have ever known John Huyler. I have a larger interest in the better world beyond than I ever had before, and I am glad to say that I have a profounder interest in this world, in the unfinished tasks that he has left for us, than I ever supposed I should have as these years would come and go. And I feel, beloved, dear friends of his whom I have known, some of you away back of the time when he gave his heart to God; you who have been his co-workers in this great field; you to whom we have come, he and the rest of us, to try to bring the blessed truth of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—somehow I feel to-night, with the utmost tenderness, but with firmness of resolve, like putting my hand again upon the altar and saying: "What I can do to help the realization for the world of the dream and of the prophecy and of the service of this man, by the love of God I will do it." And wherever that may lead, and whatever it may require—for that may mean cross-bearing, and it may mean service that is not easy to undertake,—I pledge to you men, to whom more perhaps than to any one else here, there is a meaning in the wide open doors of this hall from night to night throughout the years, that if God may guide me, guide us of this committee, guide your good friends who are here from night to night to tell you the story of Jesus Christ, we will keep this place open for you and the like of you, that Jesus Christ may meet you here and that we may, in the name of those who are here no longer to tell the story in their sweet, simple, gentle way,

IN MEMORY OF

and to live the life before you which has been lived in your presence in these years, help realize for them the great fruitage of their faith and of their devotion. God help us every one to take that resolve, and to-night to look not merely at the blessed past, but into the great and wonderful future, which ought to bring to us finer tributes to Jesus Christ than any we have ever known, and richer revelations of the love and of the power of God, because hearts are warmer and tenderer and sweeter through the influence of the godly example of the blessed life of which we are speaking to-night.

May some man here find on this memorial night that his hand touches the gracious hand of Jesus Christ, and start for that kingdom into which in its fulness our dear friend has gone. (Murmurs of Amen.)

MR. CALLAHAN: We will hear from Mrs. Callahan next, and then sing No. 79, "Shall We Gather at the River."

ADDRESS: Mrs. John Callahan.

The memory of our beloved friend to me is almost too sacred for utterance. It seems almost as if I were to try to say something about my beloved Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, when I try to say a word in honor of our beloved and sainted friend. The thought uppermost in my mind always when he came in touch with my life was the wonderful way which he had of making one feel at ease. I am amazed since his departure to learn of the many, many things in which he was interested.

When he came down to Hadley Hall to see us here in our little work, I felt as if this were the only work he loved, that perhaps he had no other interests than just this. And in his great humility he would sympathize with us in such a quiet, gentle, and loving way! It has been a wonderful lesson to me. May God bless his sainted memory, and may He bless his loving family and his wife. I know, through her loving kindness and her wonderful influence in putting her hands on his shoulders and bidding him go ahead and do just as God led him

to do—she deprived herself of his companionship often that he might minister to others—and may God bless her in her lonely moments. So we must now pray down here that God may sustain her and comfort her. Perhaps God wants more of us to take part in His work and not to lean so much on one individual. God will answer our prayers, dear boys.

I still believe—as I did believe while our dear brother could be with us once in a while—that his spirit does live among us, and because of his departure we are going to do more effective work, and because of his departure we feel his silent influence day after day and night after night. And with Dr. North I feel like reconsecrating my life to the Lord Jesus Christ, that I may work more earnestly, more faithfully, more humbly, that some mother's poor child who has wandered away might find this blessed Master in Whom there is peace and joy. Will some one not come and give his heart to God to-night, is my earnest prayer.

SONG: "Shall We Gather at the River."

Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever,
Flowing by the throne of God.

CHORUS:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

(Chorus.)

Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down,
Christ our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

(Chorus.)

IN MEMORY OF

MR. CALLAHAN: Shall we bow our heads in prayer? (All bow in prayer.) We are told in the Good Book that there is more rejoicing in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. I don't think there is anything that would make Mr. Huyler's heart rejoice more if he were present here to-night than to see men converted; if there is rejoicing in Heaven, and he is there, he will rejoice to-night to see the men that come up here to the front. I wonder how many, before we close our service, will say by the raised hand, "Pray for me, I want to be a Chrisitan, I want to meet my loved ones on the other side. Remember me before you close your service." With the raised hand, how many? There is (counting) one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, eleven. Any others? Before we close the service, is there another? Yes, another. Any others? The raised hand. There is another one. God bless you. Anywhere another?

Now, we are going to sing the last verse of this great hymn. While we sing it, we will stand, and I want to ask every man who put up his hand to-night if he will come up and take a seat in the front seat while we sing the last verse of this hymn.

Soon we'll reach the silvery river,
When our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,
With the melody of peace.

CHORUS:

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

(Here followed the after meeting in the adjoining room to which the men were directed.)

MR. CALLAHAN: Now, just before we separate; to-morrow morning at 9:15 is the morning meeting here, the converts' meeting. Come and bring some one with you when you come. This meeting closes at half past ten. At the close of it there is the Church of All Nations

upstairs—Dr. Henry is the pastor—beginning at 11 o'clock; and at three o'clock in the afternoon is our Bible Class, conducted by Mrs. Callahan, one of the best meetings we have here. At half past seven is the prayer meeting, in that room (indicating) to the left, conducted by Brother White, followed by the meeting here in the big room at eight o'clock. There is a meeting here every night at half past seven, and a meeting in the big hall at eight. When you come bring somebody with you.

BENEDICTION: Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D. D.

Now may the peace of God which passeth understanding keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit be with us now and remain with us evermore, Amen.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN S. HUYLER

"To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike."

HORACE MANN.

RESOLUTIONS

IN MEMORY OF

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end; that end
Beginning, mean, and end to all things,—God."

BAILEY.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS
OF THE NEW YORK RED CROSS HOSPITAL

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the New York Red Cross Hospital, held in New York October 27th, 1910, the following Resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the New York Red Cross Hospital desire to place on record this expression of their sorrow and loss in the death of John S. Huyler, for the past eight years a member of this Board.

The Red Cross Hospital, together with countless other religious, charitable and philanthropic institutions, will sorely miss Mr. Huyler's wise counsel and generous help. It was characteristic of him to give quietly. Doubtless there were few worthy charities in this city which were not beneficiaries of Mr. Huyler's personal interest and aid. He loved his fellow-men and the spectacle of poverty or suffering carried a certain appeal to his heart. Few, if any, knew the half of his benevolences which were as generous as they were unostentatious.

The Red Cross Hospital loses a devoted friend in Mr. Huyler, and the Board of Trustees would bear this simple tribute to his memory.

ALLEN WARDELL,
President,
DEAN C. MOLLESON,
Secretary.

IN MEMORY OF

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE INDUSTRIAL CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has seen fit to remove from this world our beloved President, John S. Huyler, therefore be it

Resolved, That we place on record our deep appreciation of his love for the unfortunates of the human family whom he always recognized as his brother men.

Resolved, That we, his associates on this Board, always deemed it a high privilege to be co-workers with one whose labors for others placed him on so high a plane of Christian philanthropy in many parts of the world.

Resolved, That the sweetness of his disposition, the toleration of the feelings of others, the ever presence of the spirit of self sacrifice, which his life emphasized, rendered association with him a benediction to those who were permitted to be numbered among his friends.

Resolved, That at this meeting, the first held by the Trustees of the Industrial Christian Alliance since his death, we can but bow our heads in deepest sorrow, and pray that both our lives and our work, wherever directed by our Heavenly Father, may be illuminated by the example of the beloved fellow Trustee taken from us.

Resolved, That this action be spread on the minutes of this Board, and that an engrossed copy, duly signed, be sent to the family of our departed brother.

On behalf of the Board of Trustees,

JOHN P. FAURE,

First Vice-President.

JOHN BANCROFT DEVINS,

Second Vice-President.

MINUTES ADOPTED BY THE TRUSTEES OF DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MAY SEVENTEENTH, 1911

Our Board of Trustees has been sorely stricken by the loss of a princely layman. Among noble laymen, John S. Huyler filled a

place unique and most important. Matchless in the number and extent of his gifts, this was true of him: that every dollar he gave carried with it the warmth and pulse of personal interest and solicitude. He gave because he heard his Master say—

“Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me!”

He was not only a great giver to institutions, he was also a great helper of individuals. Pastors and Christian workers everywhere received multiplied evidences of his personal interest in them; and their work will be harder and more lonely, now that he has gone.

By training and taste a gentleman, he was still the devoted friend of the poor and outcast. He believed in a change of heart and nothing interested him so much as winning men to Christ. His panacea for all ills was conversion. At the altars of his own Calvary Church, at Water Street, or Hadley Hall, it was the transforming power of a new affection which he sought.

In connection with Drew Seminary it is difficult to mention Mr. Huyler without Mr. Bowne. They were our David and Jonathan. Neither gave without the approval of the other, and they were incapable of jealousy.

In the great work of our City Missionary Society, they stood shoulder to shoulder, each an incentive and a support to the other. Mr. Huyler's gifts to education were many and varied. Our secondary schools and our colleges shared with our theological schools his generosity. Never having had himself the advantage of a liberal education, he never ceased to regret the lack of it, and was anxious that all those in whom he was especially interested, and the entire young manhood and womanhood of the Church should have every educational advantage.

All institutions that work for the prevention of evil, as well as those that seek to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate, counted him among their friends. When any plan looking toward civic righteousness was inaugurated, his indorsement was sure to be sought, and given.

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In recent years, his heart had gone out greatly toward Foreign, as well as Home Missions. Our Bishops, and those who cultivate the mission fields in Italy, in Africa, in India and many other lands, could bear thrilling testimony to the great services which his gifts have made possible. He desired to be his own executor, and therefore his gifts during his lifetime were wonderfully multiplied.

John S. Huyler was the trophy of a Christian home, and whatever factors had place in his training and conversion, his deepest gratitude went out to his godly father and devoted mother. Nothing gave him more comfort than to know that each of his four sons was a member of the Church which his own father had helped to found, and at whose altar he had given himself to God.

In the going out of such a man, we are all of us mourners, and we offer to his wife and children the sympathy of a grief which we share in common with them.

A great procession of mourning friends and citizens made a pilgrimage last October to Calvary Church, to pass by the bier where the body of our friend lay in state for several hours. Then the solemn dignity of the burial service, without eulogy, and this great life had passed from earth to the greater ministries of heaven.

C. L. GOODELL,
F. M. NORTH,
JOHN M. CORNELL,
Committee.

MINUTES ADOPTED BY THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The Faculty and Students of DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, Madison, New Jersey, desire to express their sense of the great loss the Seminary and the whole Church have sustained in the death of JOHN S. HUYLER, who was for nine years an honored and beloved trustee of this Seminary.

He was endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart for Christian service, and his devotion to the welfare of humanity was so profound

and far reaching that he touched all kinds and all conditions of men with his splendid beneficence.

His Christian character showed itself in innumerable ways, and especially in the gentle spirit which regarded the sorrows and sufferings of others as if they were his own, and also in his great desire that the poor, the downtrodden and the outcast might realize that in him they had a brother and friend.

He became a trustee of the Seminary in 1901 and in his relations to the Seminary never failed to see its needs and respond to its calls for help. From year to year he gave largely for its support, and in his last expression of his wishes for the good causes which were in his heart, Drew Theological Seminary was the recipient of a generous benefaction. For his interest in the Seminary, his counsel, his gifts, and especially for his noble Christian character and his beneficent life we give thanks to Almighty God. His memory will abide in hearts of multitudes whom he has blessed, and in the institutions of broad purpose which shared his large generosity and his brotherly sympathy.

The Faculty and Students join in deepest sympathy with his devoted wife and family so greatly bereaved, and pray that the abundant consolations of the Gospel, in the faith of which he lived and passed to the blessed life beyond, may be their perpetual consolation.

FACULTY

Henry A. Buttz,
Robt. W. Rogers,
Chas. A. Sitterly,
Olin A. Curtis,
John Alfred Faulkner,

S. G. Ayres.

Ezra Squier Tipple,
Edwin L. Earp,
W. V. Holt,
Leonard B. McWhood,
Wallace B. Fleming,

STUDENTS.

David Otis Cowles,
Harrison S. Elliott,
H. Th. Kaufmann,
Virgil E. Turner,
Frederick J. Smith,

J. E. Washabaugh,
Frederick B. Harris,
Audven H. Haughey,
W. S. Fox,
R. B. Kipp,

W. Fallis Hunter,
Chas. B. Roach,
A. J. Kimker,
Hiram G. Conger,
A. J. Martin,

IN MEMORY OF

Charles G. Fort,
 T. Austin Rich,
 Earle A. Baker,
 J. A. Klein,
 L. W. Moore,
 H. S. Metcalfe,
 S. W. Townsend,
 Chas. W. Wright,
 Geo. G. Hollingshead,
 Edmund Silverbrand,
 William J. Fowler,
 C. M. Griffith,
 W. A. Mueller,
 Daniel E. Lorentz,
 Leo P. Zook,
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 Arthur B. Moss,
 John L. Davis,
 M. A. Hammond,
 John D. Harris,
 N. C. Milliron,
 A. J. W. Mowatt,
 A. S. Preston,
 Clyde E. Baker,
 R. W. Skinner,
 Chas. D. Whitwam,
 G. H. Ketterer,
 C. D. Rocky,
 G. Q. Le Sourd,
 Blaine Lambert,
 G. M. Baumgartner,
 Geo. M. Herey,
 Bisston W. Jacobs,
 W. J. Turner,
 Harry V. Deale,
 A. H. Cann,
 C. M. Vawter,
 D. E. Scott,
 E. J. Marvin,
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 John F. Cook,
 E. B. Brownell,
 J. C. Spring,
 C. R. Carlin,
 G. L. Heiserman,

Leonard D. Armlin,
 F. F. Robinson,
 Norman V. Sargent,
 Harry T. Zeiders,
 Chas. L. Ebell,
 Olin M. Rifenbark,
 Clyde B. Stuntz,
 Philip Sidney Watters,
 Ralph A. Mautone,
 W. G. Langdon, Jr.,
 Robert E. Fletcher,
 Samuel J. Hersey,
 S. Carroll Coale,
 W. C. Stokes,
 Geo. B. Tompkins,
 L. J. Ruff,
 J. Merrill Williams,
 Henry Sanford Crossett,
 S. G. Schatzman,
 J. Charles Hofer,
 M. L. Carver,
 W. C. Crary,
 Geo. M. W. Fulcomer,
 Alfred Taylor,
 Jacob S. Payton,
 Palmer N. Taylor,
 W. T. Gardner,
 M. A. Thompson,
 Miles A. DeGraff,
 R. T. Hodgson,
 John A. Struyk,
 Vincent H. Van Horne,
 Harry E. Reed,
 Raymond Coutant,
 Maynard L. Wolcott,
 Peter C. Weyant,
 Edward M. Smith,
 B. L. McFarland,
 Louis A. Reed,
 Alvin W. Wright,
 Benj. M. Denniston,
 Raymond C. Ricker,
 Otis Herbert Draper,
 Fred W. Peten,
 Arthur S. Knight,

Edward P. Hall,
 Lewis A. Bradford,
 W. M. Baumgartner,
 Clyde H. Hale,
 J. Hunter Smith,
 Edward Haynes Price,
 G. A. Lamphear,
 J. G. Lytle,
 Jno. W. Flynn,
 Ivan G. Koonce,
 W. E. Harkness, Jr.,
 Edward Betterton,
 E. F. Buck,
 Thomas Walker,
 L. G. Richey,
 W. F. Ledford,
 Milton L. Bennett,
 Lee Hadsell Rocky,
 Wallace H. Miner,
 C. C. Penfeld,
 W. C. Cravner,
 L. M. Birkhead,
 W. Earl Ledden,
 Paul G. Dennis,
 K. H. Carlson,
 I. L. Smith,
 Samuel L. Hamilton,
 Charles Brook,
 J. L. Grandey,
 George Anderson Hill,
 Elbert M. Conover,
 Reverdy C. Ransom, Jr.,
 Arthur Jones,
 Percy C. Bissell,
 Julius F. Hecker,
 James A. Hills,
 W. R. Jones,
 Carl Bierwirth Searing,
 F. G. Bulgin,
 Wm. C. Casperson,
 Jay V. Warner,
 Victor B. Hargitt,
 Clayton J. Yeisley,
 Arthur H. Brown,
 George Winters,

JOHN S. HUYLER

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE TRUSTEES OF DREW
SEMINARY FOR YOUNG WOMEN

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Drew Seminary for Young Women the following action was taken :

WHEREAS, In the Providence of God our beloved brother and friend, Mr. John S. Huyler, has been called to the heavenly home, therefore be it

Resolved, That we hereby record our sincere appreciation of his lofty character and his distinguished services to the Church of Christ and to the cause of humanity ;

Resolved, That we record also our grateful appreciation of his devotion to the interests of Drew Seminary for Young Women as shown by his generous benefactions and his tireless endeavors in its behalf ;

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Board be instructed to convey to the bereft family our sincere sympathy in their great sorrow, a sorrow, though in less degree, which is however truly shared by the multitude of friends who loved and honored him.

JOSEPHINE H. THOMPSON,
Secretary.

MEMORIAL ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

The dates which mark the boundary lines of the life of John S. Huyler are June 26, 1846, and October 1, 1910. Between these two dates a stalwart life came to maturity and abundant fruitage ; a heart, such as we seldom find, put itself close to the great world's needs ; and hands, made strong by service, busied themselves at many a task.

John S. Huyler was too large a man to be shut up within the four walls of one or one hundred stores. No business, although it be continent wide, was large enough to claim the full measure of his intellect or purse. From the day of his conversion he ever heard the call of God to help the struggling. He matriculated early in life in the

IN MEMORY OF

college of hard knocks, and he always had a warm place in his heart for fellow students in the same college. Because the Water Street Mission, the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, Drew Theological Seminary and our own Syracuse University represented, in different walks of life, the heroism of those who are struggling to increase soul values and thus make one talent become five or ten, he was always ready to invest time and thought and money in their behalf.

Mr. Huyler had been a trustee of Syracuse University for twenty years, having been first elected in 1890. The records show that throughout the years he has not only been present at the meetings of the Board when it was possible, but also has been a frequent and generous contributor toward the current expenses of the institution. No one but the recording angel knows how much he did for many educational, benevolent and philanthropic institutions, as well as innumerable private benefactions. But his chief educational interest was in Syracuse University. Only the Chancellor, who always found him a wise councilor and an ever open-handed friend, knows the extent of his love for Syracuse. He believed in Christian education, with an emphasis on the "Christian," and he counted the money given to Christian schools to be among his most productive investments. Eternity alone will reveal the large dividends which his wise councils and generous gifts have made possible.

There is no doubt but that the wish which Mr. Huyler expressed at the Recognition Dinner given in his honor by the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society the year before his death, has found fulfillment. Responding to the great concourse who eulogized him, he humbly said:

"I hope that each and every one of us will so do his duty to our Master that when it comes our time to answer to His call and give an account of our stewardship, we may hear His word, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

May the God of wisdom raise up other men of like heart and consecration, of like vision and faith to carry on His work.

JOHN S. HUYLER

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE HARLEM BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

We, the members of the Committee of Management of the Harlem Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, desire to express our appreciation of and appreciation for our dear brother, Mr. John S. Huyler, who departed this life on October 1st, 1910.

He served on our Advisory Committee for eighteen years and his wise counsel was always cheerfully given.

His generous financial support was never withheld in time of need. His affectionate solicitation for the welfare of young men, his faithful devotion to the Christian ideal, and his example in all good works were ever a source of inspiration to us all.

We deeply mourn his departure and extend to his family our most sincere sympathy.

ARTHUR D. WILLIAMS, *Chairman*,
CHAS. M. PORCHER, *Vice-Chairman*,
A. D. ROCKWELL, JR., *Secretary*,
E. STEWART MANEE, *Treasurer*,
NATHAN A. ULMAN, *Advisory Member*,
For the Committee of Management.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF THE METROPOLIS

Mr. John S. Huyler elected a Director October 11th, 1900,

Died,

October 1st, 1910.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Bank of the Metropolis, held October 3rd, 1910, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We are again called upon to record the passing away of a member of our Board, be it

IN MEMORY OF

Resolved, That by the death of Mr. John S. Huyler we have lost a genial associate, a willing helper and a true friend;

His sterling character and charitable disposition made him a lovable companion, one whose presence will be sadly missed.

Resolved, That the Secretary is instructed to set apart a page of the book of minutes and inscribe thereon the name and years of service of Mr. Huyler as a member of this Board.

Resolved, That we extend to the family our sincere sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement.

CORCELLUS H. HACKETT,
President,
EDWIN S. LAFFEY,
Secretary.

MINUTE ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

The Board of Trustees of the People's Institute by the adoption of this minute record their sense of loss in the death of Mr. John S. Huyler, a member of the Board whose co-operation with the work of the People's Institute has been a valuable promotion of its work.

His fidelity added value to his integrity, and his generosity toward all things for the common good was the form in which a noble nature interpreted business enterprise.

This expression of the Trustees associated with him in work for the people is prompted by their admiration for his qualities and their sense of bereavement in his death.

LESTER F. SCOTT,
Secretary.

JOHN S. HUYLER

FROM THE ITALIAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY

TO DEAR MRS. JOHN S. HUYLER:

The Pastor, Rev. Filoteo Tagliatela, and the Congregation of the Italian Methodist Episcopal Church of 409 East 114th St., remembering the generosity and goodness of their Benefactor, Mr. John S. Huyler, in this hour of great sorrow for you, want to express to you their deep sympathy, and assure you that they are with you in our great loss, and that, from all their hearts, will ascend to Heaven the most heartfelt prayer that our Lord's blessing and comfort be with you and your family.

FOR THE CONGREGATION,

PROF. ARTURO SERGIO.

October the 2nd, 1910.

IN MORTE DI JOHN S. HUYLER

Come colui che, calmo si riposa
Del grande ben continuamente oprato,
Tu sei passato; e l'anima generosa
Ver l'azzurro's e' volata inesplorato;

Che, se a l'anima giusta ed operosa
Vivere su le stelle, in premio' e' dato,
Mutato gia' in parvenza luminosa,
In alto in alto or vagoli beato.

E, forse, tra l' azzurro ed il fulgore
Che ti circonda ancor veder ci puoi . . .
Ma non cosi' per noi! Sol resta a noi.

Della tua spoglia esanime l'algore
E della Gratitude la voce
Che c' invita a dar fiori a la Tua croce.

ARTURO SERGIO.

TRIBUTE FROM DR. RICHARD ELLIS

Having been physician and friend to the late John S. Huyler for many years, and knowing him well, I write these words of tribute, grateful to a kind Providence for the many years I spent with him. He was a very sensitive man, somewhat diffident and retiring. He preferred to "listen from the rear seat to the other fellow," but he had the courage of his convictions; when necessary his eye could flash and his tongue could speak; then his terse words backed by his zealous interest compelled his hearers to believe in the man at once. In fifteen years of intimate friendship, I never knew him to plan anything for himself, because "things for himself" did not interest him. He was always planning for the well-being and for the happiness of others. He never anticipated the possession of anything for himself: his fondest anticipation became the satisfied realization of giving, helping, sustaining. His constant prayer was: "May God show me when and where to give."

Believing "a man's a man for a' that," he knew a true man when he saw him, however humble his walk in life. He hated sham and hypocrisy. He cared little for social position or for honor gained through wealth.

He did not care for the theater, nor for the popular amusements. He did enjoy the society of those who loved their fellow-men and proved it by being earnest uplifters. A majority of the organizations to which he belonged existed for this very uplifting. He was the essence of humility, and proved his belief in the *simple life* by living it. He loathed vanity and vulgar display when so many were hungry. He never could turn any one from his door, but his friends did when the daily applicants at his home exceeded fifty. He could not help giving himself as well as his money; his arm lovingly sought the shoulder of his brother in distress or in want. He believed in organized charity, but he knew this meant delay and at times humiliation. He relieved immediate wants; and after investigation he sustained and comforted and blessed. He could not place a sign in his office refer-

ring applicants to the charity association, though his secretary did send some there. He relieved thousands personally or through his secretary, he often gave anonymously, he never gave with ostentation and he could not humiliate any one. He had no patience with the millionaire who makes a million and gives a dollar, no patience with the multimillionaire who restlessly thinks over the great social problems at night, and in the morning hurries to his office to make another million. He usually left his home with his relief list made out for the day. This list lengthened as his sons relieved him of his business cares. He was planning to devote the last years of his life entirely to God at a time when his life expectation was at least ten years.

An old man who had loved him from his boyhood said to me: "There is only one John Huyler and there never can be another like him." A poor widow with a consumptive daughter whom I helped to take the express for Arizona (where he cared for them till the daughter died), said to me as the train left: "We have never even seen Mr. Huyler, but my husband knew him when they were boys together." A dying consumptive whom he supported for years said to me: "When I see even his name the grateful tears come." Scores have said to me: "I never saw a man who knew so well the meaning of pity and personal service." One can realize the extent of his personal service when he considers that his interest began with the Italian Kindergarten and ended with the Home for the Aged and the Home for Incurables.

He loved all mankind, especially the homeless and the hopeless. He believed in missions for these outcasts and often visited the Water Street and the Bowery Mission. He reached out his hand and helped thousands of these wretched men. He did not weary them with religion or with advice: he fed them, he comforted them, he sustained them. As president of several missions, he eagerly contributed thousands of dollars and much personal service. His greeting to reformed men inspired them to continue the new life, especially when they knew he would not forsake them. A cold stormy night always reminded him of *his friends* at the missions. He sent many thousands of these homeless ones to warm comfortable beds.

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He did not try to get down to the level of his poorer brother: he was there, he wished to remain there, he craved no higher position. The poor fellow who had been converted in the Water Street Mission the week before, receiving a warm greeting from Mr. Huyler, feels queer in his new life and in his new suit. After the meeting is over, he slinks out of the Mission as he sees Mr. Huyler coming down the aisle; his back is turned and he is almost out of the door, when that watchful eye catches sight of him, and that gentle voice (which has already greeted so many) calls out: "Say aren't you going to speak to a fellow?" Do you wonder that the Water Street outcasts loved him? Many fallen men struggling to get on their feet would receive from him personally written letters in these words: "Cheer up, old fellow, do your best and I will stand back of you till you get on your feet."

These men, now scattered everywhere, daily murmur in their prayers: "I thank Thee, O God, for John Huyler." He endured deception for the sake of the needy who did not deceive him. None of these reformed outcasts rest in "the Potter's Field," for he gave them Christian burial. He brought to his home reformed men: he upheld them by his absorbing interest in them. When he told them that God would not forsake them in their struggle to be good men, they believed because he did. Keenly they realize that he has gone, that no one can take his place; but the memory of such a man will suffice to hold them steadfast. His experience at the missions clearly showed the suffering and the poverty caused by alcohol, so he gave up its use as an example to the man who abuses it.

He was not regularly at his office in recent years. When he did come, seemingly a wireless was sent to those in distress; for they came in droves and they were not turned away. His patience in listening was remarkable; he even read every letter. His reply was often delayed, but his judgment ripened with the delay. He believed men and in men. If they deceived him, he still trusted them, he still helped them. His advice to Hadley in reference to the Water Street outcasts was: "Help them no matter how often they may fall."

Very democratic in his ways he preferred the street-car, the subway

or walking to his machine. He liked to do "what the rest of the fellows did." He was particularly fond of walking about the great cities, searching here, there and everywhere (especially in store windows) for new ideas, not only for his own business, but for general use. His mind was ever thinking of improvements and new methods to replace the old in any and every field. In these walks his eye of pity never overlooked the wretched, many of whom spoke to him. He always listened to their stories and usually aided them. He would wait at some store window for some particularly wretched derelict to accost him; then he would show the money in his hand, and whisper with that loving look: "That's God's money: will you use it carefully?" The money was frequently refused. He believed "The rich should give millions to God." If the United States could give a million a day to free Cuba, he felt the nation and the States should give millions for freeing their own citizens from curses worse than Spanish oppression. He knew the nation was giving very little. He believed many millions should be spent in many ways, from making good children by proper training to making good roads. He believed the world of to-day has brains and capital enough to abolish extreme poverty and helpless old age; he criticised the indifference of wealth to the real sufferings of poverty. He believed the rich do not love the poor and he wondered why.

That the rich man is especially selected by God to care for his poorer brother, he could not believe, because he has not cared for him and he does not care for him. He felt the Church, the State, the rich should improve the poor man's environment, and then he would best care for himself. He believed the very rich should form in every great city a powerful organization for righting great wrongs, like rear tenements, dark rooms and dirty streets. He realized the hope of the world rests with the children; therefore he believed in kindergartens, recreation parks, sanitary surroundings, good schools, domestic science, manual training, and short term military service. He believed a poor woman can best mother a small family, so he had little patience with the improvident father of a miserably large family.

His "Dream" was an endowed daily newspaper, edited by the

best talent in America. The paper would uplift the masses by its terse presentation of the truth; it would assist in the grand social betterment which must come to the poor man. He had no long religious experiences to relate, but his religion sustained and comforted him. He did not pose as a good man, he tried to *be* one. He loved to join those at the mission in asking God to make them good men. He read his Bible every night, he prayed in his closet morning and night like a child. Looking up to the heavens and then down to his humble self, he would often gratefully say: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

He was so broad-minded that he could worship in any church, but he insisted that clergymen be true to their church. He had faith in any good organization, but he had more faith in consecrated men. In his numerous journeys to Europe, he was not interested in having a good time; he did not tour the Continent in his machine to drink in the beauty of world-famed scenery. He loved man, so he lived where he could best study man,—in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and Rome. Everything of interest in man's social and political condition to-day was interesting to him. He never tired of asking innumerable questions—from the abuse of alcohol in Belfast and London to the real condition of the tenement class in Berlin, or to the cause of the distressing poverty in Venice and Naples. He spent the days of his last visit to Berlin investigating personally the real condition of the tenement class. On board ship, he could always be found in some quiet sunny corner, discussing man, his social condition to-day and how it could be improved. The well-informed, whom he zealously sought, always found him a good listener.

In his last visit to Carlsbad, he sat on his porch, the picture of health, quietly planning what he would do for others, when he was suddenly stricken. He endured bravely the painful journey to Paris, and the long sea voyage home. He went at once to his summer home, where he lived the greater part of September, surrounded by his loved ones, who knew there was no hope. He spoke little and asked no direct questions, but his expression at times showed that he knew "God had called him and found him ready." He repeatedly mur-

mured: "We have had our schooling, the lesson is learned, and the final truth has come. I thank God for all He has taught me, and peace is mine." He went out to meet his Pilot face to face, comforted by his immediate family, and sustained by his unfaltering trust.

The thousands who knew him and loved him will never forget that tear in the eye, that smile illuminating his face, that look of righteous indignation, that quick response to the call for help. Truly the man who knew John Huyler can never lose his faith in John Huyler's God, for such a life proves a God somewhere in this wonderful labyrinth called "Life."

John Huyler will live in the lives of his sons who loved him—in the lives of men whom he blessed, in the lives of the hopeless to whom he gave hope. They will tell their children and their children's children of his simple life of personal service.

"His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—This was a man."

IN MEMORY OF JOHN S. HUYLER

"And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

GOLDSMITH.

TRIBUTES
FROM THE PRESS

IN MEMORY OF

"Know thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much-loved, much-honored name!
(For none who knew him need be told),
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold."

BURNS.

TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS

(The International Confectioner.)

The well-known millionaire candy manufacturer and philanthropist fell asleep at eight o'clock in the morning of October 1st, at his country home, at Rye, N. Y., in his sixty-fifth year, after a brief critical illness, which was the result of a complication of kidney and stomach ailments which had troubled him for several years. For several years Mr. Huyler had traveled extensively in the pursuit of health and had but recently returned from Carlsbad, Germany, where he was taken ill. After his return Mr. Huyler seemed to be improving and about a week before his death enjoyed a sail in his yacht and was planning a trip to Florida, but the next day the relapse came that resulted in his death.

John S. Huyler was born in New York City on June 26, 1846, the son of David Huyler, a wealthy baker and ice cream manufacturer of Jane Street.

Here the Huylers lived in unpretentious style with their child, and it was here that the great candy business which Mr. Huyler developed was started and steadily grew and expanded under the son's personal management. Here it was that he made the announcement of "Huyler's Taffy, Fresh Every Hour."

After completing his education in the local public schools, John Huyler turned his attention to helping his father. The son conceived the idea of making ice cream to be eaten in a store instead of having it served on Sunday. Then he hired a shop in Broadway near Eighteenth Street, a short distance from the company's present factory. The store was used as an ice cream parlor, and a confectionery counter was installed. Business prospered from the start. Mr. Huyler made his candy in the rear and sold it over the counter himself for many years. A few years later he opened three branch stores, one in Manhattan, another in Brooklyn and one in Albany.

At the present time there are about sixty Huyler stores all over the country to say nothing of the countless agencies which handle the various confections made in the Huyler factory. Nineteen of the stores are in Manhattan, four in Brooklyn, and there are branch stores in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Newark, Atlantic City, Long Branch, Newport and other cities. The factory is in Manhattan.

The business was incorporated in 1881 under the name of "Huylers," of which his father, David, was made the president. It is a family corporation. Mr. Huyler's father dying in 1885, John S. Huyler became the president in his stead.

Besides being president and director of the Huyler Company, he was director of the Bank of the Metropolis, director of the Chestnut Ridge White Brick Company, president and director of the Menemsha Clay Company, and member of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation.

He leaves a widow; four sons, Frank De Klyn, David, Coulter D. and John S., Jr. His daughter, Abigail, who was married to Dr. Reuben J. Held of Manhattan, died some time ago, leaving a son and daughter.

Not only was Mr. Huyler well known in business, but also in religious circles; having inherited religious inclinations from his father, he was a deeply religious man and his gifts were most frequently to the church and mission enterprises. He was closely identified with the Methodist Church, having been a member of the Calvary Methodist

Church of New York for over twenty years. For the last three years, Mr. Huyler had been president of the New York Church Extension Society of the Methodist Church. He was a member of the board of trustees of Syracuse University.

Mr. Huyler was a model employer and beloved by all who were in his employ. He was very charitable but owing to his modesty very little is known either of the volume or extent of his charities.

"So little is known about the charities of Mr. Huyler," said Louis M. Fulton, his personal counsel and a friend of long standing, not long ago when he was discussing the generousities of his client, "that it is hard for many people to appreciate the extent of them. He was the most modest man I ever knew about these things. It was always his wish to give another chance to the fellow who was down on his luck. The cases in which he made mistakes were few and always attributable to human nature. The recipients always seemed to be deserving, and it was a great satisfaction to Mr. Huyler that they rarely disappointed him."

He was a constant contributor to the Water Street Mission, well known as the Jerry McAuley Mission, once conducted by S. H. Hadley. He was also interested in the Bowery Rescue Hall and many other worthy charities. The night before his death prayers were held for him in half a dozen city missions and scores of unfortunates who had been rescued through Mr. Huyler's philanthropy knelt on bare pine floors and prayed fervently for his recovery.

At the Jerry McAuley Mission fully a hundred men knelt at one time and joined in a general prayer for their friend's recovery.

(Confectioner's Review.)

John S. Huyler, philanthropist founder of the celebrated "Huyler's" stores and chocolate and bon bon business, died on October 1st, in his country home in Forest Avenue, Rye, N. Y., at the age of sixty-five. Mr. Huyler had been seriously ill with a complication of kidney and stomach troubles for more than a fortnight preceding his death and had had two specialists in constant attendance.

Mr. Huyler began his fortune in a far from pretentious way.

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Born in New York City on June 26, 1846, he started early in life to learn the bakery and candy business. His father, David Huyler, owned a bakery in Greenwich Village. The family, including John S. Huyler, occupied the rest of the building. Mr. John S. Huyler's first experience in business was in a store in Broadway near Eighteenth Street, which he opened in 1874, and where he made with his own hands and offered for sale at retail various simple lines of candy and ice cream. He made money from the start, saved his profits and put them back into the business. A few years later he opened three other stores, one in Brooklyn, one in Albany, N. Y., and another in New York City, on the island of Manhattan. His candy soon achieved a national reputation.

In 1881, he had the business of "Huyler's" candies incorporated, and, when his father, David, retired from the bakery business, John S. Huyler spent a great part of his time caring for his aged father and mother. While still a young man, he was married to Mrs. Rosa Lee Dodge. His oldest son, Frank, is now about thirty years old.

Mr. Huyler's charities were so numerous that it is almost impossible to discover all that they included. He was always reticent on this subject and told little of his beneficent work among the poor and afflicted. He said to an intimate friend upon one occasion, however, that he had begun early in his business career to give one-tenth of his income to help the deserving poor and indigent, but there is little doubt that for at least twenty years preceding his death he gave much more than one-tenth of his profits.

In addition to his association with the McAuley and Water Street Missions and with the Hadley Mission, at No. 203 Broadway, Mr. Huyler was prominently identified with all charitable work undertaken by the Methodist Church in New York City. He was connected with many of the department boards of the Methodist Church and was president of the Industrial Christian Alliance.

When a speaker at a dinner tendered to Mr. Huyler at Wanamaker's store, a year ago, told the twelve hundred Methodists assembled there that he should be made a lay bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the suggestion was cheered to the echo. In his business rela-

tions, Mr. Huyler was known as a model employer. He never failed to have his stores closed on Sundays and on most holidays, and never permitted an employee to be overworked.

While he was thought to be dying at his home in Rye, prayers were offered for his recovery in all the rescue missions in New York City.

Mr. Huyler was a member of the Apawamis Golf Club, of Rye; the Knollwood Golf Club, the American Yacht Club, of Rye; the Larchmont Yacht Club, the New York Athletic Club and was a director in the Bank of the Metropolis, a director of the National Museum of History, and a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

His funeral was held on October 4th, at 2 P. M., in the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, at Seventh Avenue and 129th Street, of which he had been a prominent member for many years. All his stores throughout the country were closed on the day of his death, although it was a Saturday, when they usually do the largest business of the week.

When it was understood that Mr. Huyler was on his death-bed, his wife and his four sons, Frank De Klyn Huyler, David Huyler, Coulter D. Huyler and John S. Huyler, Jr., hastened to him and were with him when he died. Several physicians, among whom was Dr. Richard Ellis, who had been with him constantly for more than a year, also were in attendance. Mr. Huyler is survived by two grandchildren, children of Dr. Reuben J. Held and of a dead daughter, in addition to his widow and four sons. In the hope of effecting a recovery from the ailment, which had beset him for several years, Mr. Huyler went to Carlsbad last July, but was considered only slightly improved in health when he returned to Rye about six weeks ago. He had hoped to be sufficiently well this month to sail on his yacht, the *Abbie*, for Florida, and to spend the winter there.

Besides his intimate association with church, charitable and social organizations, Mr. Huyler also was a member of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University. When he appeared late at one of that body's meetings a few months ago, he insisted upon penalizing himself with a donation of \$20,000 to the University. He was a warm friend

of Chancellor Day, whom he recently asked to deliver the presentation speech at the dedication of the new Rye Methodist Church, to which Mr. Huyler had made large contributions.

(Business Magazine.)

John S. Huyler was a type of the old-fashioned merchant who set certain things above money-getting. His energy and progressiveness enabled him to build up a business that is a monument to his name, and to acquire a fortune that was more than sufficient for his needs. He was not content to keep it for his own uses, but gave it freely in the causes of philanthropy and education. At least one great university and other large institutions are indebted to him for their support, and his private charities were many. It is said that at the time of his death he was carefully considering a plan that would enable him to give the bulk of his wealth back to the world. He was the sort of a man whose life is an inspiration. His death is a real loss.

(Year Book of the Public Schools Athletic League of the City of New York.)

One of the interesting features of a number of games was the music which was furnished by the two bands—that of Public School 21, Manhattan, and Public School 20, Richmond. These we were able to organize through the generosity of our late director, Mr. John S. Huyler, who paid the entire expense, about \$4,000, of providing the instruments for two full bands and also paid for the services of an instructor. As in addition to the pleasure of being members the boys learn a profitable occupation, there is always a long waiting list for each of these bands.

It is greatly to be regretted that the lamented death of Mr. Huyler has deprived the League of the money required to pay for the services of the leader of these bands and that as soon as the boys now in them graduate from the schools there will be none trained to take their places.

JOHN S. HUYLER

Mr. Huyler was not only efficient as a director but was a generous friend and supporter of the League. This is but one of the many instances where the League feels his loss.

(Zion's Herald.)

John S. Huyler, the millionaire candy manufacturer and philanthropist, who had been critically ill at his home in Rye, N. Y., for several weeks, died there on the morning of October 1, at the age of 64. His death was caused by a complication of kidney and stomach troubles which had been undermining his health for years. In hope of recovery he went to Carlsbad to take the treatment last July. He was only slightly better when he returned to Rye about a month ago.

He was born in New York City, June 26, 1846, son of David Huyler, a wealthy baker and ice cream manufacturer of Jane Street, one of the founders of Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church at Seventh Avenue and 129th Street. Educated in the public schools, young Huyler became associated with his father in business in 1870. In 1876 he conceived the idea of branching out into the candy business, and he rented his first candy store at Broadway and 18th Street, which was exclusively devoted to the manufacture and sale of old-fashioned molasses candy. From this small beginning the present enormous business of "Huyler's," with its branch stores and selling agents throughout the country, was built up in the course of thirty years. Mr. Huyler became widely known through his many acts of charity and his interests in church and educational work. It is probable that his continued and aggregated benevolence exceeds that of any other layman in the Methodist Episcopal Church. For a lifetime associated with Calvary Church, New York City, his purse has always been open for the most generous support of its every department of activity. His present pastor, Rev. Dr. C. L. Goodell, and a former pastor, Chancellor J. R. Day, of Syracuse University, in their tributes which follow, suitably characterize the great, generous, loyal, humble Christian they knew so well. As an illustration of the generous impulses of the deceased, it is related that as a member of the Board of

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Governors of Syracuse University he was late some months ago in attendance upon a meeting, and presented his check for \$20,000 to condone his tardiness! His wealth did not exalt him above his fellows, nor cut the bond of sympathy with struggling, sinning, weak man. He was profoundly religious and Christlike. This great heartedness found constant expression in the treatment of his help. The employer of several thousand persons, Mr. Huyler was noted for his generosity. He was always planning to assist employees who had been with him for many years and had outlived their usefulness, and at Christmas every man, as well as the hundreds of girls, was always remembered, sometimes with a turkey and sometimes with a gold piece.

Mr. Huyler was president of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Dr. F. M. North is the successful secretary. Dr. North, in a brief note to the editor referring to his decease, says: "The story of Mr. Huyler's relation to our Society is a romance of beneficence." He was also a very generous and loyal supporter of the Hadley Mission, noted on another page of this issue. But neither time nor space will allow even the mention of the noteworthy causes which he aided so largely in supporting. During the last years of his life he was greatly interested in the enlistment of laymen for missionary work and all other activities connected with church work.

Mr. Huyler leaves a wife, who was Mrs. Rosa Lee Dodge, of New York City, four sons and five grandchildren. The oldest son, Frank De Klyn Huyler, is thirty years old, the youngest fifteen. His daughter, who married Dr. Reuben J. Held, died three years ago.

REV. DR. C. L. GOODELL'S TRIBUTE

I have never known a man who had such a yearning to do men good, nor one who was so modest. For the last ten years his benefactions have aggregated more than a thousand dollars a day. He gave *himself* as well as his money. He was at infinite pains to help men. He has died prematurely from bearing the burdens which sin and pain and poverty laid upon his fellows. He has made large gifts to many causes, but he has been peculiar among philanthropists in his

love for men and women who were unfortunate. His list of pensioners is incredibly long, and I tremble to think of the desolation that will follow the cessation of his gifts. He was a man of simple faith and tender heart. He was never disturbed when people differed with him, and never insisted on his own way. Measured by the multiplicity of his interests, he is the greatest philanthropist Methodism has produced. The funeral service on Tuesday at 2 P. M., in Calvary Church, will be of the simplest character, in harmony with what we know would be his wish.

CHANCELLOR J. R. DAY'S TRIBUTE

My acquaintance with Mr. J. S. Huyler began when I became pastor of Calvary Church, New York, and has continued with the intimacy of brothers. His death is a severe personal affliction. I am stunned by it. It is less than a week since I received an unusually happy letter from him, urging me to come to Rye, his summer home, and go out with him on his son's yacht on the waters of Long Island Sound. He had returned from Europe, where he had been seeking improved health, and seemed to be in good courage and spirits. He was remaining away from business and taking diversion prescribed by his physicians. But the complications of troubles which had been held in leash by skill and great care suddenly asserted themselves, and six years before the limit of our years he has gone. It seems impossible—there was so much of him that cannot be associated with death and that never will die.

He will ever be remembered in the very front rank of the great laymen given to the church and the world by New York Methodism. He combined strength and gentleness, constancy and diffidence, self depreciation and faith—a beautiful, simple, firm faith in Christ as his Saviour and the Saviour of the most abandoned and outcast. And his work was mostly with such unfortunates as sought the Jerry McAuley Mission and the mission in the Bowery. His gifts for such work were munificent. His private secretary told me a few years ago that in one year 17,000 men and women had passed his desk seeking aid from Mr. Huyler, and few of them left without it.

He was a trustee of Syracuse University and a generous and constant benefactor. He was especially interested in our Christian Associations, and recently made a large gift to remodel a building and adapt it to the uses of that work. The last time I saw him he requested me to have plans made of a woman's dormitory which he contemplated erecting as a memorial to his daughter Abigail, the late Mrs. Held. It was the death of this young mother, the apple of his eye, that hurried his own death. It was more than he could bear. He was uncomplaining and kept on his way, lifting burdens wherever he found them, but some of us knew how strong the love that drew him like an irresistible tide toward the other shore.

His death seems a calamity to New York Methodism. He and that other great layman, Samuel W. Bowne, who lies smitten in his home, have stood these latter years like two central pillars under our cause in that marvelous city. I dare not estimate his loss to us all. I can only thank God that his consecrated Methodist father and mother, by the power of their consistent lives, gave him to our church and the world. His death is a personal affliction to thousands of men and women who knew him as their friend. He was great in his goodness, his simplicity, his generosity, his love, his consecrated service of mankind.

(The Register—Catholic.)

There died in Port Chester, N. Y., the other day a man—a millionaire—who in a quiet, unobtrusive way had accomplished a great amount of good. This was John S. Huyler, the candy manufacturer. Mr. Huyler was not a Catholic—in fact he was a Methodist—a devout one, who did much to further the cause of his church, but he was neither narrow nor prejudiced in his philanthropies, and his sincerity, earnestness and modesty in works of Christian charity deserve tribute from men of all denominations.

Mr. Huyler was never the man to give with a blare of trumpets. He sought no advertisement for his beneficences. Yet in many an humble house in this city his memory will be revered as that of a good

Samaritan who brought comfort and succor in time of dire adversity.

The venerable manufacturer's favorite charity was a useful and unusual one. He liked best to come to the relief of some young fellow who in a moment of weakness, prompted perhaps by the need of his loved ones, had peculated from his employers. Mr. Huyler, when convinced that the theft was the first false step, that it was due to momentary temptation rather than viciousness, and that it was deeply repented, came to the rescue of such a man or boy, making good his deficit with his firm, saving him from imprisonment and disgrace and starting him out again in business life strengthened against future temptations of the kind, to be a useful citizen. Such deeds of mercy were of frequent occurrence in the aged philanthropist's life, and he was seldom mistaken in the object of his compassion and charity.

It was well known that Mr. Huyler was a very generous contributor to lodging houses for derelict men and other institutions for relief work in the overcrowded quarters of the city, but no obituary notice or biographical sketch can detail his charities, for the reason that most of them were carried on so quietly. Let a case of destitution be brought to his notice, his check for relief was sent, and nobody knew of the transaction save the donor, the recipient and the friend who had brought the story to his attention.

A millionaire who frames his life according to the gospel teaching of the brotherhood of man is an example to wealthy men of all creeds.

America would face no problems of labor and capital—no menace of Socialism—were all her rich men of the type of John S. Huyler.

(Current Comments.)

In the passing on of Mr. John S. Huyler, Christian forces in New York have suffered a loss of great magnitude. Vast as were Mr. Huyler's contributions in money to the Christian Church and allied interests, the contribution he made to the cause he loved by the simplicity and strength of his Christian character will seem to many of his friends to be even greater. Mr. Huyler did not attempt to give money

in exchange for his life. With his life he gave his money, and thus, to men of wealth in his generation, set an example of untold value.

He fulfilled to a striking degree the standard of true greatness set by his Saviour and Lord: "Let him who would be great among you, be your servant." Not only by large gifts of money, but by the use of his time and by personal contact with those who needed help, Mr. Huyler served his fellow-men. Only a few days before he sailed for his last European trip he told the writer,—his face lighted by an inner joy,—of a little experience he had had on the previous Sunday night. He had walked through Twenty-third Street, near Sixth Avenue, and saw a man evidently in trouble approach another man as though he were asking for help. Mr. Huyler said that he stopped and watched the two men, and after their conversation ended, he stepped up to the man who, evidently, had been seeking aid, and asked him if he was in trouble. The man told Mr. Huyler that his family were without food and that he was in great distress. Mr. Huyler gave him a small sum of money, and the man was so moved with gratitude that he reached up a trembling hand to receive the gift. Mr. Huyler said the man was so overcome that when he asked him the address of his home he was unable for a moment to recall it. When he did recall it, Mr. Huyler made a note of it. That night, on his way to the Water Street Mission, he had his chauffeur drive to the address. Mr. Huyler climbed several flights of stairs and found the conditions to be as the man had stated. The family had been in a starving condition. They had earned enough money to pay their rent, but not enough in addition to supply food. Mr. Huyler arranged at once to furnish the added help they needed.

Mr. Huyler will be remembered by those who had the privilege of his friendship, not only for his princely giving, but also for his gentle, beautiful, lovable Christian character. By his life and example he has kindled a fire of devotion to his Lord in the lives of hosts of people. He was a good man. He was filled with the knowledge and wisdom of the Holy Spirit. He bore fruit in every good work. *He attained the Master's standard of true greatness.*

(*Literary Digest.*)

The world at large which knows the word "Huyler" may never have appreciated its best meaning, its association with a life of Christian philanthropy. That life, just closed, was busied as much with good deeds as with making sweets. John S. Huyler, says the editor of *The Christian Advocate* (New York), "had the rare faculty of giving himself with his gift; he was not satisfied with mailing a check, but his heartfelt words expressed his genuine sympathy." "He will ever be remembered," says Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, in *Zion's Herald* (Boston), "in the very front rank of the great laymen given to the Church and the world by New York Methodism." He adds:

"He combined strength and gentleness, constancy and diffidence, self-depreciation and faith—a beautiful, simple, firm faith in Christ as his Saviour and the Saviour of the most abandoned and outcast. And his work was mostly with such unfortunates as sought the Jerry McAuley Mission and the mission on the Bowery. His gifts for such work were munificent. His private secretary told me a few years ago that in one year 17,000 men and women had passed his desk seeking aid from Mr. Huyler, and few of them left without it."

His interests in religion and educational work were widespread and considerable, but the characteristic of his life was his personal devotion. This reminiscence is printed by the Rev. John B. Devins in the *New York Observer*:

"My first meeting with Mr. Huyler was at the Water Street Mission several years ago. It was on a Thursday night, when the Mission is crowded with men who wish to hear the gospel, and also get the coffee and sandwiches which Mr. Huyler provided for many years. After the writer had spoken a poor fellow shambled up to the penitent form, when the invitation was given by Mr. Hadley. 'Brother Huyler, just speak to that man,' said the leader, and sitting beside this prodigal the merchant prince, his hand on the dirty shoulder of the outcast, talked with him in a tone of great tenderness, scarcely audible to a third person. Mr. Huyler pleaded with him to give up his life of sin, and finally the two men kneeled in prayer, the arm

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of the man of God over the shoulder of the one 'coming home.' Then followed a few broken petitions from the one who had apparently wasted his substance. When the two arose their faces were both aglow; they had truly, both of them, been with Jesus. . . .

"Ring up Hadley Hall, on the Bowery, or Water Street Mission on a cold night, Mr. Huyler would say: 'Are there any boys around there who haven't got a place to sleep? If there are just put them up somewhere and see that they have a good breakfast and send the bill to me.' He never said: 'Feed and shelter those who have made a profession to-night.' It was: 'Take care of those who are in need of a bed and a breakfast.' His representatives did that and then took care that these beneficiaries of his bounty were invited to hear the gospel which he loved and lived."

Most interesting of the tributes that the papers have printed since his death is perhaps this signed "one of his saleswomen" and sent to the *New York Times*:

October 22, 1910.

"Apropos of the death of John S. Huyler, I would like to tell of a few of the manifold kindnesses and the thoughtfulness of the great and good man to his employees.

"He was never too busy to have a cheerful 'Good-morning' and a kind and encouraging word for the humblest of his people. He extended this thoughtfulness even to the sending of his saleswomen to the best chiropodists to ease and treat their aching feet at his own expense. It was his custom to give his girls at the beginning of the summer two or three shirtwaists (which means a lot to a working girl), two weeks' vacation with pay every year, a turkey at Thanksgiving time, and at Christmas a week's salary and a two-pound box of candy.

"He offered to all membership in the Young Women's Christian Association and the privilege of taking up music or any other course they desired, free of charge or expense to them.

"These are only a few of the deeds of this godlike man, and there are no more sincere mourners to-day than his old employees."

(The Christian Advocate.)

His is a name known far and wide on both sides of the Atlantic. To a considerable extent this is because of the nature of Mr. Huyler's business and his extraordinary success therein. Many who have heard and spoken his name had in mind the manufacturer of a luxury which his genius had made almost a staple: for he dealt in goods that won the children, without regard to nativity or language, and not only the children, but people in general, both young and old.

Many have heard of John S. Huyler, not as maker and purveyor of sweet things nor as incidentally the promoter of sociability as the result, but as a philanthropist. Though he tried to hide it, his beneficence, like light, was seen through cracks and crevices. We know that when he had tried to hide certain gifts and had besought the recipients to keep silent concerning his generosity, their gratitude broke the bonds of secrecy, as is often the case. Even those whom our Lord healed and whom He forbade to make public what He had done for them were unable to be silent.

Philanthropists are of different temperaments. Some, to avoid a demonstration in bestowing, almost insult the recipient. Others are as secretive as a miser. Some act ever afterward as if the object of their beneficence should be their slave, and still others act and speak as though they would silence the unfeigned thanks of those whom they help. Mr. Huyler had the best qualities of all these. He gave in such a spirit that the spirit of the one who was assisted was not broken. He had the rare faculty of giving himself with his gift; he was not satisfied with mailing a check, but his heart-felt words expressed his genuine sympathy.

John S. Huyler's father, David Huyler, lived in that part of this city which was then known as Greenwich Village. He was a baker by trade, a competent business man, and was greatly assisted by his wife, a woman of rare quality and practical wisdom. His business and house were at Jane Street and Eighth Avenue. They were prosperous—so much so that when ministers were appointed to Jane Street

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Methodist Episcopal Church, they were first entertained in the home of David Huyler.

There were three children, one of whom died early. The daughter, Mrs. Gaines, survives her brother. John S. Huyler, who was born June 28, 1846, had the great blessing of the prolongation of the lives of his godly parents. His father lived to sixty-seven years of age and his mother to seventy-three. The influence of his father's death was wonderful in several respects, and had much to do with his conversion, which occurred a few months after that sage counselor had been gathered to his fathers.

John S. Huyler married a widow, Mrs. Rosa Dodge, who had one son; the fruits of this marriage were four sons and one daughter. Four years ago Mr. and Mrs. Huyler were bereaved of their daughter. Mrs. Huyler and her sons will follow the husband and father to his last resting place.

Mr. Huyler in personal intercourse was every whit a gentleman. It was apparently in his blood to be courteous and anxious to escape acrimonious controversy. His conversation was free and pleasant, very much like that of a young man interested in everything that passed before his eyes, and responsive to every suggestive word or sentence.

Probably the dinner given May 24, 1909, in honor of John S. Huyler, President of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, has not been equaled in the history of our community, nor the eulogies on that occasion surpassed among the eulogies of living laymen. Twelve hundred and fifty men sat down to a banquet advertised as in honor of the President of the Society.

Behind that avowed purpose was the Society; and a Society is not moved by an invisible, impalpable power, as are the planets in their orbits, but lives and works by the power, individually exerted, of its members, while its officers are centers around which they revolve and by which they are in great degree directed.

Mr. Samuel W. Bowne presided.

Bishop Goodsell was the first speaker and gave an account of

traveling in foreign lands with Mr. Huyler, quoting the old saying that "you cannot know a man until you have traveled with him," and said he had found Mr. Huyler so genial, morning, noon and night, he had wondered that none of the things which irritate the average traveler irritated him. Speaking of his manners, to which we have referred, the Bishop said: "To be a gentleman in his manners toward all who approach him, to speak kindly to all, even to those who make unreasonable demands on his benevolence, is surely a triumph of grace as well as a mark of natural amiability."

He further praised him for his loyalty to his own Church: "In Rome, when he was there, it was in our own Church and among our own people that he loved to be, and it was in our own prayer meeting in our own Church that he was found."

Mr. Huyler was a member of Calvary Church in this city, and its friend from its beginning, and his body was borne from that place to the grave.

At the appreciation-dinner to which we refer the minister of Calvary Church, Dr. Goodell, said: "Mr. Huyler represents family religion. He is the son of a godly father and a godly mother, and there is no anxiety on his heart so great as that his own children shall fear God and help the Church."

He observed that most people alluded chiefly to Mr. Huyler's giving his money, "but I wish to say that when I come to my revival services there is no man more completely interested in the spiritual work and found more frequently kneeling in tears at the altar than this same John S. Huyler." Again he said: "Almost every single week in the year when he can do it, you will find him on Saturday night at Water Street with his arms slipping down on the neck of a drunken, unclean man, trying to lift him up and to help."

Dr. F. M. North, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, took large part in everything connected with the banquet. When the representative missionaries in the work were introduced to the assembly, Mr. Huyler sprang upon the platform, exclaiming, "I wish to take my stand with these men, to pledge them my sympathy and help. This is where I belong."

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Mr. Huyler was a wit, yet his wit was not scarifying and came as naturally to his lips as did the tears to his eyes when he beheld want and misery and helplessness or when his soul was warmed in describing the mercies of Providence and the heart-experience of true religion.

Responding to the great concourse who eulogized him, he referred to a visit made by himself, accompanied by the Corresponding Secretary, a few nights before, to the bedside of a man "who has been a success in everything the world calls success, who has known what it is to have political honors and the fruits which they bring. But now he is just ready to pass over the river to give an account of his stewardship. And he said to us, 'If the Lord would permit me to live longer, I know one thing—I would be more charitable.'" Mr. Huyler added:

"I hope that each and every one of us will so do his duty to our Master that when it comes our time to answer the call to give an account of our stewardship, we may feel that we shall hear the Master's word, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

This appeal to the Master was the peroration of a man who might have been flattered into inordinate conceit by the honors lavished upon him on that occasion.

Mr. Huyler developed a great interest in education. To various schools and colleges he made liberal gifts. A trustee of Syracuse University, he showed himself not only to be interested in education in general, but intensely so in that institution. He was ever ready to converse about it with the Chancellor, who was at one time his pastor; and for him he had boundless respect and the warmest love. The Chancellor found Mr. Huyler a good counselor and an even better stimulator by his enthusiasm and by his demonstrating his interest with his large gifts. He was a trustee of Drew Theological Seminary and lavished his wealth upon it.

In addition to the preceding press notices tributes to the memory of Mr. Huyler were general over the entire country. The following list includes a few of the many received:

JOHN S. HUYLER

NEW YORK CITY.

Sun	Revue
Times	L' Evangelista
Herald	Revista Evangelica
Tribune	Morning Telegraph
World	Leslie's Weekly
Press	Daily People
Commercial	Wall Street Journal
Mail	Financial American
Post	Phrenological Journal
Globe	Editor & Publisher
Journal	Town & Country
Telegram	The Christian City
Journal of Commerce	Christian Work
Harlem Local	Christian Intelligencer
Harlem Home News	Independent
German Herald	Epworth Herald
Morgan Journal	National Advocate
	Staats Zeitung

BROOKLYN.

Daily Eagle	Standard Union
	Daily Times

NEW YORK STATE.

Evening Journal, Albany	Item, Portchester
Morning Express, Buffalo	Post Express, Rochester
Commercial, Buffalo	Times, Rochester
Times, Buffalo	Chronicle, Rye
Truth, Buffalo	Saratogian, Saratoga
Journal, Jamestown	Post-Standard, Syracuse
Journal, Newburgh	Standard, Troy
Journal, Ogdensburg	Times, Troy
Times, Oswego	Statesman, Yonkers

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MASSACHUSETTS.

Transcript, Boston	Congregationalist, Boston
Globe, Boston	Middleby's Messenger, Boston
Herald, Boston	Transcript, Holyoke
	Advertiser, Boston

PENNSYLVANIA.

Press, Philadelphia	Evening Telegram, Philadelphia
Inquirer, Philadelphia	Dispatch, Pittsburgh
Record, Philadelphia	Sun, Pittsburgh
	North American, Philadelphia

NEW JERSEY.

Journal, Jersey City	News, Paterson
Journal, Elizabeth	Leader, Westfield
	Evening News, Newark

CONNECTICUT.

Courant, Hartford	Times-Leader, New Haven
Register, New Haven	Farmer, Bridgeport

ILLINOIS.

Post, Chicago	Commercial-Times, Chicago
Record-Herald, Chicago	Continent, Chicago
Inter-Ocean, Chicago	N. W. Christian Advocate, Chicago

MARYLAND.

Sun, Baltimore	Star, Baltimore
Evening Sun, Baltimore	News, Baltimore

TEXAS.

Light, San Antonio	Times-Herald, Waco
	News, Dallas

OHIO.

Enquirer, Cincinnati

LOUISIANA.

Times-Democrat, New Orleans

INDIANA.

News, Indianapolis

KANSAS.

Capital, Topeka

JOHN S. HUYLER

GEORGIA.

Journal, Atlanta
Georgian, Atlanta
News, Savannah

FLORIDA.

Metropolis, Jacksonville

MINNESOTA.

News-Tribune, Duluth

CALIFORNIA.

Examiner, Los Angeles

INDIANA.

Star, Muncie

MAINE.

Eastern Argus, Portland

MICHIGAN.

News, Detroit

IOWA.

Capital, Des Moines

VIRGINIA.

Presbyterian, Richmond

FRANCE

New York Herald, Paris

SWITZERLAND.

Schweizer Evangelist, Zurich

IN MEMORY OF JOHN S. HUYLER

“Life! we’ve been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not “Good night,” but in some brighter clime
Bid me “Good morning.”

MRS. BARBAULD.

